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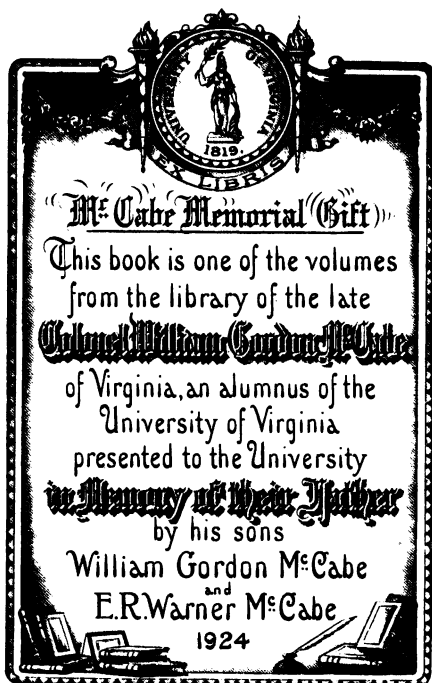
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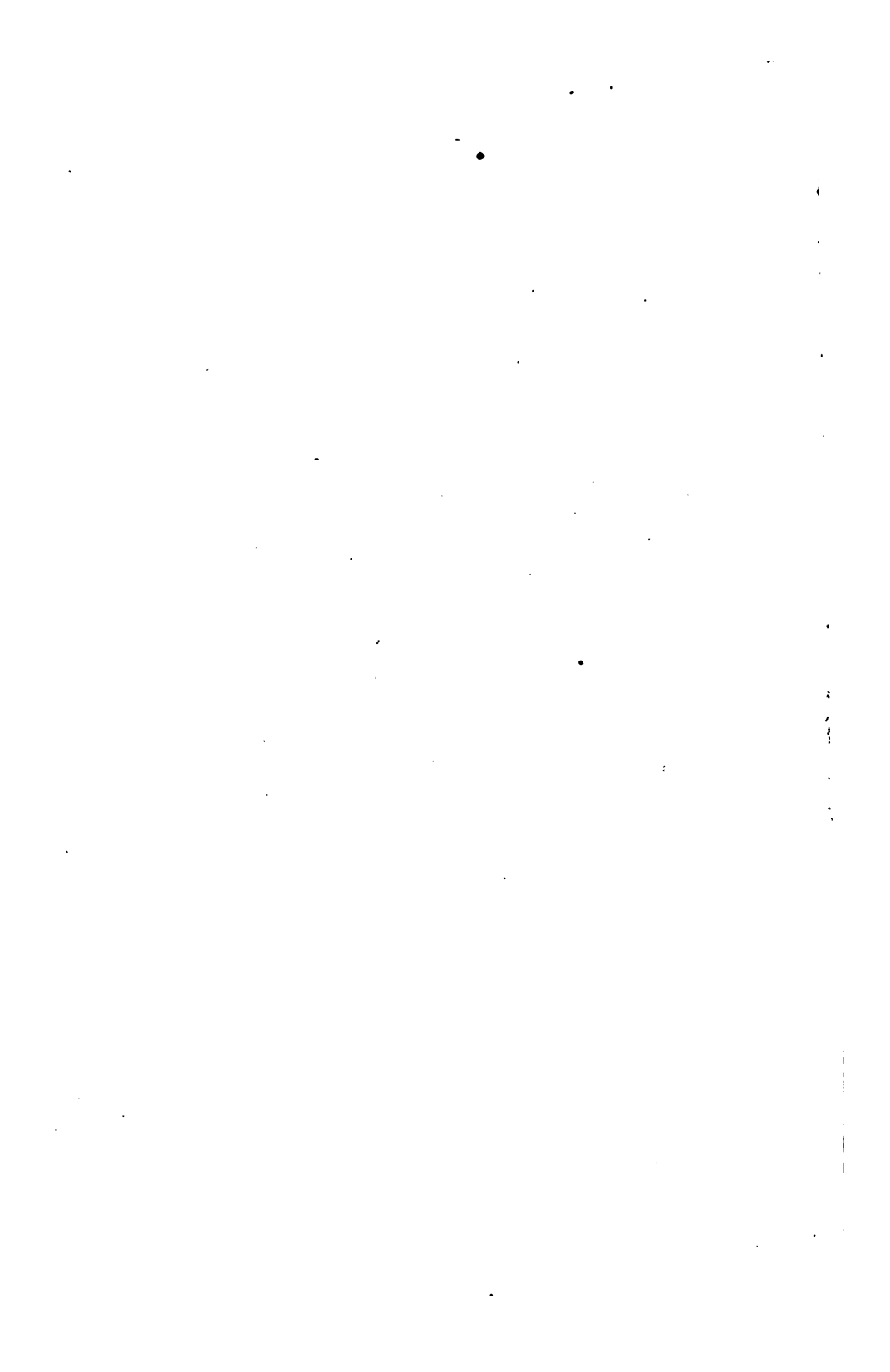
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THE PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS

— 2 —





Vivimus dum Bilimus.

Societatis Encomium

OR

Praise of Drunkenness

REPRINTED FROM THE SCARCE
LONDON EDITION OF 1721



RECENTLY PRINTED
NEW YORK 1910

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Ebrietatis Encomium
OR
The Praise of Drunkenness

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Ebrietatis Encomium :
OR, THE
PRAISE
OF
DRUNKENNESS;

WHEREIN

Is authentically, and most evidently proved, the necessity of frequently getting DRUNK; and, that the PRACTICE of getting DRUNK is most ANTIENT, PRIMITIVE, and CATHOLIC.

CONFIRMED

By the Example of Heathens, Turks, Infidels, Primitive Christians, Saints, Popes, Bishops, Doctors, Philosophers, Poets, Free Masons, and other Men of Learning in all Ages.

BY

BONIFACE OINOPHILUS,
de Monte Fiascone, A. B. C.

Vinum lætificans Cor hominis.

Narratur & Prisci Catonis,

Sæpe Mero caluisse virtus.

HORAT.

London :

PRINTED for E. CURL, AGAINST CATHERINE STREET,
IN THE STRAND. 1723.

[Price Five Shillings.]

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Homer wrote of no more weighty subject than of a war between the Frogs and Mice; Virgil of a Gnat and a Pudding; Ovid of a Nût; and Lucian and Apuleius told the story of an Ass. May this trifle drown the cares and anxieties of the reader like a flask of old Falernian and thus serve to verify the claim of Erasmus that this is the chief property of Bacchus.

This reprint of a most rare and curious panegyric by some unknown Oxford or Cambridge four-bottle don owes its appearance to the desire of a booklover to double his joy by sharing a treasure with others of like mind.

LEWIS M. THOMPSON

New York

October 1, 1910



AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IF ever Preface might serve for an Apology, certainly this ought to do so. The bare title of the Book is enough to have it universally cried down, and to give the world an ill opinion of its Author; for people will not be backward to say, that he who writes the PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS must be a Drunkard by *Profession*; and who, by discoursing on such a subject, did nothing but what was in his *own Trade*, and resolve not to move out of his *own sphere*, not unlike BALDWIN, a *Shoemaker's Son* (and a *Shoemaker*) in the Days of Yore, who published a *Treatise on the SHOES of the Antients*, having a firm resolution strictly to observe this precept, *Ne sutor ultra Crepidam*.

To this I answer, I am very well contented that the World should believe me a DRUNKARD as ERASMUS, who wrote THE PRAISE OF FOLLY, was a FOOL, and weigh me in the same Balance.

But some will say, what good can a Man propose to himself in being a PANEGYRIST FOR DRUNKENNESS? To solve this difficulty I shall make use of a comparison.

M. PELISSON, in his *History of the FRENCH ACADEMY*, says, that MENAGE did not compose that famous *Requete des Dictionnaires*, in which

he ridicules all the *Academicks*, on account of any aversion he had to *them*, but purely to divert *himself*, and not to lose the witty turns that came into his head upon *that subject*. In the same manner, I declare that I did not undertake this Work on account of any zeal I have for WINE, you must think, but only to divert myself, and not to lose a great many curious remarks I have made on this most *Catholic Liquid*.

It may farther be objected that this Work is so stuffed with Quotations, that they hinder the Book itself from being seen; like what I heard say of a *Country Fellow*, who complained when he left *London*, that he could not see it for the *Houses*. As an excuse for all the others, I shall make use of one Quotation more, and this I shall borrow from M. *Bayle*. * “There is no “room to doubt,” says he, “but some readers will “judge, that there are a little too many Quota- “tions in this work, which is no less a disorder, “they will say, than what happens in some “Cities, where the Strangers are more numer- “ous than the Citizens. But of what impor- “tance is it to travellers, that such disorder ap- “pears in any Country, provided they find in “it honest Folks. There is no reason why read- “ing may not be compared to traveling. We “should therefore be very little concerned, “whether, according to the ancient Country “frugality, we are entertained with what is of

* Pref. des Rep. aux Quest. d'un Pr. T. 1.

“ its proper growth; or, if instead of the Flesh
“ of domestic Animals, and the Fruits of our
“ own Vineyards and Gardens, we are served
“ with what comes from the Market. That
“ which really is of consequence, is, that the
“ *Meat* be wholesome and well dressed, and the
“ *Wine* good, &c. *Unde habeat quærat nemo*
“ *sufficit habere.*”

As to the rest, I am very far from the sentiments of a certain writer, who having found in his Book *one* fault only consulted one of his friends, whether he should put down *Errata* or *Erratum*. For my part, I subscribe with all my heart to the *Errata* of *Benserade*, and in his words frankly own, that altho’

Pour moi parmi des fautes innombrables
Je n’en connois que deux considerables
Et dont je fais ma declaration
C’est l’entreprise & l’exécution
A mon avis fautes irreparables.

En ce Volume.

The num’rous Faults I see in this small Book,
(And so may any one that will but look.)
I know but *two* of much consideration,
Of which I here make public declaration,
The *Undertaking* and the *Execution*,
Faults too extravagant for Absolution.



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THE
PRAISE
OF
DRUNKENNESS

CHAP. I.

That One must be Merry.

IF on one hand I have reason to fear, that the title of this Book will offend the delicate ears of a great many, and make them say, that no vice ever wanted its advocate, *Nullo vitio unquam defuit advocatus*. I am not perhaps, less exposed on the other, to the criticisms of as many folks, who will probably apply to me, that which was said heretofore to one in *Lacedemonia*, who had a mind to make an encomium on *Hercules*, viz. Who ever blamed *Hercules*?

Quis Herculem vituperavit?

However, though I should have no Readers at all, yet am I resolved to continue my dis-

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course at the Hazard, in a manner, of imitating *Pyrrho* the Philosopher, who one day as he was haranguing the people, seeing himself abandoned by all his auditors, pursued very magnanimously his declamation to the end. To enter, therefore, upon the present subject, I lay down this as my first position, *viz. That it is lawful to get drunk sometimes.* Which I prove thus.

Sadness is in the highest degree, prejudicial to health, and causes abundance of distempers. There is no one ignorant of this truth. Joy (or mirth) on the contrary, prevents and forces them away. * *It is, as the Arabians say, the Flower and Spirit of a brisk and lively Health.* Let us run over, and examine all the different states of life, and we shall be forced to own, that there is not one of them all, but what is subject to Chagrin and sadness; and, consequently, that joy, or mirth, is most necessary to Men. Which very probably the Philosopher had in his head, when he defined man a *Risible Animal*. But be that as it will, one must certainly look upon that maxim which recommends mingling of pleasures with the affairs of life, as a very wise one.

* Elle est, comme disent les Arabes, la Fleur & l'Esprit de la Sante vive & remuante.

•

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* *Sometimes with Mirth and Pleasure lard your Cares.*

We shall confirm this precept by a beautiful passage out of *Seneca*, whose writings most certainly contain no loose morality, and which is as follows. "The soul must not be always bent: one must sometimes allow it a little pleasure. *Socrates* was not ashamed to pass the time with children. *Cato* enjoyed himself in drinking plentifully, when his mind had been too much wearied out in publick affairs. *Scipio* knew very well how to move that body, so much inured to wars and triumphs, without breaking it, as some now-a-days do, with more than womanly pleasures; but as people did in past times, who would make themselves merry on their festivals, by leading a dance, really worthy men of those days, whence could ensue no reproach, when even their very enemies had seen them dance. *One must allow the mind some Recreation*: It makes it more gay and peaceful. And as it is not good too much to cultivate soil the most fertile; least, by yielding too large crops, it may soon run to decay and ruin: So in the same manner is the mind broken by a continued labour and application. Those

* *Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*

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“ who respite a little, regain their strength.—
“ Assiduity of labour begets a languor and
“ bluntness of the mind: for sleep is very ne-
“ cessary to refresh us, and yet he that would
“ do nothing else but sleep night and day, would
“ be a dead man and no more. There is a
“ great deal of difference between loosening a
“ thing, and quite unravelling it. Those who
“ made laws have instituted holy-days, to oblige
“ people to appear at publick rejoicing, in or-
“ der to mingle with their cares, a necessary
“ temperament. There have been several very
“ great men (as I have mentioned) who would
“ set apart certain days of the month for that
“ end, and some others, who had every day set
“ hours for work, and other set hours for re-
“ creation.—*One must therefore allow the*
“ *Mind some Recreation.* One must allow it
“ some repose and leisure, which may serve for
“ new strength and nourishment. You must
“ sometimes walk in the open air, that the mind
“ may exalt itself by viewing the heavens, and
“ breathing the air at your ease; sometimes
“ take the air in your Chariot, the roads and
“ the change of the country, will re-establish
“ you in your vigour; or you may eat and drink
“ a little more plentifully than usual. Some-
“ times one must go even as far as to get drunk;
“ not, indeed, with an intention to drown our-
“ selves in wine, but to drown our cares. For

“ wine drives away sorrow and care, and goes
 “ and fetches them up from the bottom of the
 “ soul. And as drunkenness cures some dis-
 “ tempers, so, in like manner, it is a sovereign
 “ remedy for our sorrows.*

It must be confessed indeed, that properly speaking, this passage of *Seneca* is levelled only against too great assiduity in labour and business; the application, however, is very just in relation to Chagrin, which causes in mens minds, a far greater alteration than can be excited by the most rude labour either of mind or body.

The Ancients had besides this, another motive which induced them to make merry, and pass their time agreeably. They considered the short duration of their life, and for that reason endeavoured to make the best use of it they could.— It will be no difficult matter for me to prove what I here advance.

Every one knows that the *Egyptians* made use of a very extraordinary custom in their festivals. They shewed to every guest a skeleton: This, according to some, was to make them think of death. Others again assure us, “That
 “ this strange figure was made use of to a quite
 “ contrary end: that this image of death was
 “ shewn for no other intent, but to excite them

* *Seneca de Tranquillitate.*

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“ to pass away their life merrily, and to employ
“ the few days of its small duration to the best
“ advantage; as having no other condition to
“ expect after death, but that of this frightful
“ skeleton.*

This last sentiment is without doubt, most probable; for what likelihood is there that people would make reflections the most sad and serious, at a time when they proposed only to divert, and make themselves merry. This influence had the sight of a skull upon the mind of *Trimalchion*, who, (*Petronius*† tells us,) thus expressed himself on that object. “ Alas! Alas! wretched that we are! what a nothing is poor man! “ we shall be all like this, when fate shall have “ snatched us hence. Let us therefore rejoice, “ and be merry while we are here. The *Latin* “ is much stronger.

*Heu! Heu! nos miseros! quan totus homuncio
nil est,
Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.
Ergo vivamus, dum licit esse, bene.*

A little before, he said almost the same thing.
“ Alas! Wine therefore lives longer than man,
“ let us then sit down and drink bumpers; life
“ and wine are the same thing. *Heu! Heu!*

* *Histoire de Sept Sages*, &c. p. 137.

† Chap. 34.

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ergo diutius vivit vinum, quam homuncio. Quare Tangomenas faciamus, vita vinum est. This puts me in mind of what *Atheneus** reports of an *Egyptian*, caled *Mycernius*. This man having been told by an oracle, that he had but a very short time to live, resolved to make the most of that short space, and to that end did nothing but drink, night and day.

This thought of an approaching death, is not so importunate as is believed, since it is, says an† anonymous *French* author, a principal beauty of an ancient hymn of the Poet *Cecilius*.
"Let me be assured, says he, that I shall live six months, and I shall employ them so well, as to dye the seventh without any regret in the World."

The same author goes on thus, "The moderns have not failed imitating the elegant flights of the fine wits of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*. I find, especially, that the *Italians* come nearer to them; perhaps because they are more proper than others, to refine on pleasure, This is the character of the nation, of the truth of which I shall give no other proof than the last lines of an elegy, written by *Sannazarius*, a *Neapolitan* Gentle-

* Lib. 10, cap. 10.

† Reflex. sur les Morts plais. p. 22.

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“man.” The sense of which in *English*, runs thus:—

Since vig'rous youth, all blooming, brisk,
and gay,
Excites our tender souls to sport and play,
Let's taste ambrosial pleasures whilst we
may.

Those joys to which our souls are most inclin'd,
And suit the throbbing passions of the mind.
Let's love while soft ecstasick fires engage,
And shew us lovers on the World's great
Stage,

Dull reason only suits with frightful Age.
And see, she comes, for ever to destroy,
For ever all our bliss, and all our joy.
Unwelcome age comes on with swiftest pace;
Let's then prevent this wretched sad disgrace.
O may the terrors of approaching fate,
Excite new fires, inspire fresh vig'rous heat;
That love may sov'reign reign in ev'ry part,
And drive unworthy weakness from our heart.
Thrice happy, if surpriz'd by death one day,
Absorpt in sweetest bliss we die away.

But to return to my subject. We are told for certain, that the *Scythians* used to drink out of a skull; and probably they had the same design in doing so, as the *Egyptians* had in looking on their skeletons. But leaving these objects, which cannot be very diverting, in what view soever

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one may consider them, let us come to the *Romans*. *Gruter* tells us in his inscriptions,* that they used to cry out at their feasts,

AMICI, DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

That is, *Friends, while we live, let us be merry*. For *Raderus* has evidently made it appear, by several examples out of *Catullus*, *Cecilius*, *Varro*, *Anacreon*, and other antient authors, that *vivere*, or *to live*, signifies to make merry, to give one's self up to all kinds of pleasures, making good cheer, &c.

I know not whether the *Gascogns*, who pronouncing the *V* consonant like *b*, instead of *VIVIS & regnas in secula seculorum*, say (as I have been informed, how true it is I know not) *BIBIS & regnas in secula seculorum*, are of the same sentiment with *Raderus* in this point: but very probably that good honest *German* was, who in a kind of ecstasy over a bottle, cry'd out.

O felices populi, quorum vivere est bibere!

However, to prove this, as also at the same time to confirm what has been said above, in relation to the motives that induced people of old times to make merry, I shall instance some passages of the ancient. But first let us not

* P. 609.

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omit this inscription in *Gruter*,* which is not much unlike the former.

VIVE, HOSPES, DUM LICET, ATQUE VALE.

“ Be merry, landlord, and enjoy yourself
“ while 'tis in your power, as for the rest,
“ adieu.”

Martial says somewhere, be merry to-day,
depend not on to-morrow.

Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

Catullus expresses much the same sentiments,
in these beautiful verses:

“ *Vivamus* ———

“ *Rumoresq; senum severiorum,*

“ *Omnes uninus estimem s assis.*

“ *Soles occidere & redire possunt;*

“ *Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,*

“ *Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

“ Let us be merry ———

“ And all the rigid cant of peevish age,

“ Count as poor straws that on the surface
float.

“ The Sun may roll his swift diurnal course,

“ And from the ocean raise again his head,

“ But when our glimmering lamp of life's
expir'd,

* P. 699.

THE PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS 11

“ One long perpetual Night we then must
sleep.

Horace, in several places, says how we ought (according to him) to employ to the best advantage, the little time we have to live; but especially in one of his odes, which in *English* would run thus.

I.

All things hereto invite. Come, come, away,
Let's seize the present hours, nor vainly care
For future time, but wisely, only fear
To lose of life, one short uncertain day,
Or moment, which in death must soon decay,
No human force can her strict laws withstand:
Her cruel rigour no one spares,
The blooming cheek, and hoary hairs,
Alike submit to her victorious hand.
O'er all she bears unbounded sway,
All, her impartial scythe relentless mows:
Th' ill-manner'd tyranness, no difference shows,
Betwixt Imperial and Plebeian clay.

II.

When we the dark and dismal beach
Of dreaded floods below shall reach,
And vain, cold phantoms quiv'ring stand,
In those sad gloomy shades of night,
No *Cynthia's* charms will then command,

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Nor *Iris* with her angels voice delight;
Nor *Doris* with soft dying languors move.
These dreary realms exclude, alas! for ever
love.

III.

Nor are there any boon companions *there*,
To laugh, and sing, and make good chear;
There shall we taste no more, that wond'rous
juice,
That nectar which the blessed vines produce,
The height of all our joy, and wishes *here*.
Nor those sweet entertainments gay,
When by the glass inspir'd so many kings
We tope, and speak, and do heroic things.
And count ourselves more happy far than they
These days of ours, the fatal sisters spin,
To consecrate to love and wine,
Let's now, e'er 'tis too late begin.
Alas! without these pow'rs divine
What should one do, with a vain useless thread?
What does it aught avail to breath and move?
One had as good be dead,
Much better be no more, than not to drink and
love.

I shall close this chapter with one of the *Anacreontick* odes of the famous Monsieur *La Motte*, author of the *Fables Nouvelles*, lately

THE PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS 13

translated into *English* under the title of *Court Fables*.

“ *Bûvrons, Amis, le tems s'enfuit,*

“ *Menageons bien ce court espace.*

“ *Peut-etre une eternelle nuit*

“ *Eteindra le jour qui se passe.*

“ *Peut-etre que Caron demain*

“ *Nous recevra tous dans sa Barque,*

“ *Saisissons un moment certain.*

“ *C'est autant de pris sur la parque.*

“ *A l'envi laissons-nous saisir,*

“ *Aux transports d'une douce Yvresse:*

“ *Qu'importe si c'est un plaisir,*

“ *Que ce soit folie ou sagesse.*

“ Let's drink, my friends, time flies away,

“ Let's husband well this little space;

“ For what we know, this very day

“ May to eternal night give place.

“ Let's snatch from fate one certain minute,

“ Perhaps to morrow *Charon's* wherry,

“ May every Mother's son take in it,

“ And waft us o'er the *Stygian* Ferry.

“ In giddy transports without measure

“ With wine let's drown all melancholy.

“ No matter, if it be a pleasure.

“ Whether 'tis wisdom call'd, or Folly.

CHAP. II.

*That Wine drives away Sorrow, and excites
Mirth.*

OF all the means proper to drive away sorrow, and excite mirth in the minds of men, wine is certainly the most agreeable and efficacious.

For in the first place, it banishes all manner of cares, and makes us entirely forget them, producing the same effect as the waters of the river *Lethe* on those souls which were destined to enter into other bodies.

——— *Animæ quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethei ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, & longa oblivio potant.**

——— Those souls which fate decrees
Shall other bodies take, upon the strand
Of *Lethe* sit, and drink secure the flood,
And long oblivion.

For the same reason, undoubtedly, *Isidore* defined drunkenness a certain forgetfulness caused in the mind, through indulgence of immoderate drinking. His words are these, *Ebri-*

* Virgil. *Æneid.* lib. 6, v. 713.

THE PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS 15

*etas est per quam menti quædam oblivio generatur ex superfluorum potuum indulgentia.**

A certain *French* Poet† sings thus much in the same tune.

“ *Oui Thirsis c’est le vin qui nous fait rejeunir,*
 “ *Et qui bannit de nos pensees;*
 “ *Le regret de choses passees,*
 “ *Et le crainte de l’avenir.*

Yes, *Thirsis*, ’tis the vine’s prolific juice
 Can youth and beauty re-produce,
 Banish the sad regret of former years,
 And of futurity, the fears.

In the next place, wine is a sovereign remedy against a particular species of sorrow or *Chagrin*, I mean a sort of inward wearisomeness, which the *French* call *Ennui*. I shall explain myself a little farther, and for my expositor I cannot make choice of a fitter person than Mr. *de St. Evremond*|| who, after having discoursed a little on this subject, adds, “ That good cheer
 “ with ones friends, is a sovereign remedy
 “ against this kind of *chagrin*; for besides that,
 “ conversation at such times becomes more free
 “ and gay, it insensibly sweetens it. It is certain

* Lib. 3. Etymol.

† Rec. Poes.

|| Miscel. Vol. 1.

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“ that wine rouses up the forces of nature, and
“ gives our soul a vigour capable to drive away
“ all sorts of uneasiness. I know very well that
“ certain morose people, at least externally so,
“ and in appearance, will show great deal of
“ aversion for a remedy, the delights of which
“ they do not however, too much despise. But
“ all Grimace aside. I don’t trouble myself
“ with their ill understood severities, since the
“ most severe Philosoper in the world has advised us to make use of this remedy; and the
“ most morose of our illustrious men have submitted, if we may say so, their most austere
“ virtues, to the charms of this sweet pleasure;
“ and the most well-bred people have not disdained its usage.”

In a word (I must speak a little *French* now and then.)

* *Le Vin fait que les annees,
Nous durent moins que les journees.*

Wine makes whole years to pass away,
And seem much shorter than one day.

But it does more than all this, it even assuages Choler; ’tis an admirable cataplasm for rage. To cite a vast number of examples to prove this important truth, would be superfluous. Amongst the many illustrious ones I could

* Rec. de Poes.

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instance, I shall content myself to mention that of the Emperor *Maximin*,* who, having been declared an enemy of the people of *Rome*, by the Senate, fell into such a rage and fury, that no other way could be thought on to bring him back to his natural temper, than by making him drunk.

But let us return to the two principal qualities of wine, which consist in driving away care and sorrow, and exciting mirth and joy.

A certain *French* author † has a few verses on this subject, which, as not *mal a propos* I shall here insert. Talking of the good qualities of wine, he says,

“ *Tu sais, mou cher Tirsis, qu’il a le privilege*
“ *D’etouffer les ennuis dont l’aigreur nous*
“ *assiege.*

“ *Et que cette liqueur chasse de nos esprits,*
“ *Tous les facheux pensers dont nous sommes*
“ *surpris,*

“ *C’est ce qui nous oblige a cherir la bouteille.*

You know dear *Thyrsis*, and full well you know,
To wine this privilege we owe,
It stifles all those sad invading cares
Which irksome chagrin ever wears.

* Jul. Capit. Hist. Aug. Script. Fol. p. 359.

† Nicol Rec. de Vers. p. 44.

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This sprightful liquid makes us brisk and gay,
And drives effectually away
Those thoughts vexatious, that surprize our soul,
And makes us cherish the full bowl.

Seneca, whom I have mentioned in the foregoing Chapter, confirms what has been said, "Sometimes (says he) one must go even so far as Drunkenness; not, indeed, that it may drown us, but drown our cares. For drunkenness washes away care, and moves the very bottom of the soul. And as it is a sovereign remedy against some distempers, so is it a perfect cure for heaviness and sorrow." *Nonnunquam usque ad ebrietatem veniendum, non ut mergat nos, sed ut deprimat curas. Eluit enim curas, & ab imo animæ movet, & ut morbis quibusdam, ita tristitiæ medetur.** On this account certainly it was, *Pliny* maintained that *Nepenthe*, whose virtues *Homer* so much exaggerates, was nothing in the world but generous wine.

Horace, in like manner, insists, that wine is the only proper expeller of the most racking cares.

Neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.†

* *Seneca de Tranquil.*

† *Lib. I. Ode 18.*

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Nor otherwise are cank'ring cares remov'd

And thus advises the sage *Plancus* to have recourse to this remedy:

" Sic tu sapiens finire memento

" Tristitiam, vitæque labores

" Molli, Plance, mero.

So, thou, sage *Plancus*, this *Memento* keep,
To lull the cares and toils of life asleep
With Cordial juleps of old mellow wine;
The grand and universal anodyne.

In another place, he thus beautifully sounds the Praises of Drunkenness.

" Ebrietas quid non designat? operta recludit

" Spes jubet esse ratas: in prælia trudit inertem,

" Sollicitis animis onus eximit: addocet artes.

" Facundi calices, quem non fecere disertum?

" Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum."

In drunkenness what pow'rful magick lies,
What's most envelop'd from researching eyes,
(Transparent thing) it evidently shows,
The innocent no dark disguises knows.
By her commands our hopes maturely rise,
Push'd on to war the coward dauntless dies,
And sinking minds beneath unwieldy care,

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Cast off their load, and move with sprightly air.
To her, all arts their origin must owe:
What wretch so dull but eloquent must grow,
When the full goblets with persuasive wine,
Inebriate with bright elegance divine,
The drunken beggars plume like proudest kings,
And the poor tipsy slave in fetters sings.

After all this, will any one accuse me for a plagiarist, and that I steal from the most common places? No matter. I have company enough. Do not all modern authors do so? However, I shall not for all that, pass over in silence what *Ovid* has said of this same drunkenness. The passage is this:

“ *Vina parant Animos, faciuntq; coloribus aptos.*

“ *Cura fugit, multo diluiturq; mero.*

“ *Tunc veniunt risus, tunc pauper cornua sumit,*

“ *Tunc dolor & curæ, rugæq; frontis abit.*

“ *Tunc aperit mentes, avo rarissima nostro*

“ *Simplicitas, artes excutiente Deo.*”

As I am nothing less than a Poet, I shall not presume to dance with the Nine Sisters, to make use of the thought of the ingenious *Sarasin*.— However, here follows an ode of *Anacreon*, which may supply the place of a translation of those verses of *Ovid*.

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I.

When I hold a full glass in my hand,
I laugh and I merrily sing;
I think I have sov'reign command
And the treasures possess of a king.

II.

Let who will try their fate in the field,
In war all their days let them pass:
No arms but the bottle I'll wield,
Fill, Boy, then, a thundering glass.

III.

If *Bacchus* the victory gain,
On the ground tho' I'm motionless laid;
All agree it, *a truth very plain*,
'Tis better be *drunk* than be *dead*.

And very probably the *Greek* Philosopher had wine in view, when he caused an inscription to be made over his door in these words, in capitals, *Here are remedies for all sorts of afflictions; Here are cures for all distempers of the soul.*

The philosopher so often quoted by *Seneca*, desired no more than bread and cheese, to rival *Jupiter* in happiness: for my part, though I am no less a philosopher, yet I desire nothing to effect this but good wine. For when I take

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a hearty glass, I find myself so much transported with joy that I could almost cry out with that little fool in the *Latin comedy**, *Now could I pardon any one that would kill me, so much afraid am I lest some accident may trouble the purity of my happiness, and mingle some ungrateful bitter with the exquisite sweets I now enjoy.* And indeed, it is amongst bottles and glasses that one may truly say,

“ *Mediis videat discumbere in astris,*
“ *Cum Jove, & Illiacâ porrectum sumere dextrâ*
“ *Immortale merum*†.

Far from the earth remov'd in realms above,
I seem amongst the stars to sit with *Jove*:
Lolling in ease celestial, lie supine,
And taste from *Ganymede* immortal wine.

And, without doubt, *Asclepiades* had all this in his head when he maintained that the gods produced nothing that equalled wine in goodness. *Philostratus* is much of the same sentiment, who after having taken notice of the edict of the emperor *Domitian*, who forbade men to be castrated, and vines to be planted, he adds that this admirable emperor did not reflect that

* Nunc est profecto cum me patior interfici, ne hoc gaudium aliquâ contaminetur ægritudine. *Eunuch.*

† Statii Sil. 2. Lib. 4.

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he made the earth in some sort an Eunuch, at the same time that he spared men.

Varro sounded the Praise of Drunkenness in terms no less pathetick.

*“Vino nil quicquam jucundius eluet,
“Hoc continet coagulum convivii;
“Hoc hilaritatis dulce seminarium
“Hoc ægritudinem ad medendam invenerunt.*

Than wine no orient jewels finer play,
And dart more pleasantly their glittering ray.
This vital juice, the cream of all the feast,
Strong cement, close uniting every breast,
The sweet prolific seed of gay desires,
Bright mirth and gen'rous amity inspires.
This was found out a certain remedy
To set mankind from all distempers free.

Monsieur *La Motte*, whom I must ever admire for his inimitable COURT FABLES, before mentioned, will furnish us with a beautiful Ode to close this Chapter*.

*“Bacchus contre moi tout conspire,
“Viens me consoler de mes maux:
“Je vois au mépris de la Lire
“Couronner d'indignes Rivaux.*

* Ode 9. Anacr.

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*" Tout me rend la vie importune
 " Une Volage me trahit,
 " J'eus peu de bien de la fortune,
 " L'Injustice me le ravit.*

*" Mon plus cher ami m'abandonne,
 " En vain J'implore son secours,
 " Et la Calomnie empoisonne
 " Les reste de mes tristes jours.*

*" Bacchus viens me verser a boire
 " Encore—bon—Je suis soulagé,
 " Chaque coup m'ôte la memorie
 " Des maux qui m'avoient affligé.*

*" Verse encore—Je vois l'allegresse
 " Nager sur le jus precieux.
 " Donne, redouble—O douce Yvresse!
 " Je suis plus heureux que les Dieux."*

Help, *Bacchus*, or I'm quite undone,
 All things against my peace conspire;
 Unworthy rivals many a one
 I find despising Song and Lyre.

My life's intirely irksome grown,
 By an inconstant I'm betray'd,
 On that small fortune, once my own,
 Injustice has severely prey'd.

Forsaken by my dearest Friend,
 In vain his succour I implore;

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And Calumnies rank poisons send.
And what is left of life devour.

Bacchus, some wine; fill higher yet
Again——so——I some comfort find;
Each smiling glass makes me forget
Those Evils that have rack'd my mind.

Some more——I see gay images
On the rich surface sprightly move,
Fill double——O sweet Drunkenness!
I'm happier than the Gods above.

CHAP. III.

That it is good for one's health to get drunk sometimes.

ALTHO' Mirth and Joy be absolutely necessary to Health, yet it must be allowed, that there are a great many pleasures very injurious and prejudicial to it; and we should act with precaution in using those we make choice of*. But this precaution is not necessary in those we seek in the sweet juice of the Grape. So far is drunkenness from prejudicing our health, that, on the contrary, it highly preserves it. This is the sentiment of the most able physicians. These worthy gentlemen are arbiters of life and death. They have over us, *Jus vitæ et necis*. We must therefore believe them.—*Ergo*, let us heartily carouse. Every one knows that *Hippocrates*, the prince of physicians, prescribes getting drunk once a Month, as a thing very necessary to the conservation of health; for, according to him, in the words of a certain *French Lady*†:

* Voluptates ut mel summo digito degustandæ non plenâ manu sumendæ. *Dionys. Sophron. apud Philostr.*

† Mad. Deshoul. *T. 2. Ep. p. 104.*

“ *Une utile & douce Chaleur*
 “ *Fait qu’on pense au sortir de Table*
 “ *Avoir pris de cet Or potable,*
 “ *Qui triomphe des ans, qui chasse la*
 douleur,
 “ *Qui fait tout, & qui par malheur*
 “ *N’a jamais été qu’une Fable.*”

When from the bottle, flush’d with wine, we rise,
 The brisk Effluvia brighten in our eyes;
 This sweet and useful warmth still makes us
 think

That cups of potable rich gold we drink,
 Which baffles time, and triumphs over years,
 Drives away grief and sad perplexing cares;
 Does all, and yet in fable’s sweet disguise,
 O dire mishap! its only essence lies.

“ *Avicenna* and *Rasis*, most excellent physicians of Arabia, say*, that it is a thing very salutary and wholesome to get drunk sometimes.”

Monsieur *Hofman* confirms what has been just now said in relation to *Avicenna*, and adds thereto the testimony of another physician.—“ *Avicenna*,” says he†, “ absolutely approves getting drunk once or twice every month, and alledges for it physical reasons.” *Dioscordies* says, “ That drunkenness is not always

* Div. Lec. de P. Messie, Part 2, Ch. 15.

† Hofman, T. 2. 9 Dissert. ch. 6.

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“ hurtful, but that very often it is necessary for
“ the conservation of health.” *Homer* says,
“ That *Nestor*, who lived so long, toss’d off huge
“ Bocals of wine*.”

Monsieur *Hofman* believes also, that wine is an excellent preservative against Distempers, and of an admirable use in their cure. In like manner, several Divines believe, that there is no manner of harm in getting drunk, when it is done for health sake and not for pleasure. In this class one may reckon *Pere Taverner*, a Jesuit†. These are his words.—“ Drunkenness,” says he, “ is a mortal sin, if one falls into it for pleasure only; but if one gets drunk for any honest end; as, for example, by direction of one’s physician, in order to recover health, there is no manner of harm in it at all.”

But however, not to digress too much from our subject, to preserve their health the *Africans* drink a great deal of wine; and this they do to help the digestion of the vast quantity of Fruits they eat.

‡*Montaigne* tells us that he heard *Silvius*, an excellent physician of Paris, say, that to keep up the powers of the stomach, that they faint not,

* *Bocal*, an *Italian* word, and signifies a Pot or Jug holding about three pints.

† *Synopses Theolog. pract.*

‡ *Essays, lib. 2. cap. 2.*

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it would be very proper to rouse them up once a month by this wholesome excess. And if we believe *Regnier*, a young physician does not see so far as an old drunkard*.

We also say with the *French Poet*§:

“ *Si Bourdaloue§ un peu severe*

“ *Nous dit: craignez la volupté*

“ *Escobar||, lui dit on mon Pere*

“ *Nous la permet pour la Sante!*

If *Bourdaloue*, somewhat severe,
Warns us to dread voluptuous sweets,
Good honest Father *Escobar*
To fuddle for one's health permits.

And, by the by, if the number of physicians who used to get drunk, proves any thing, I could insert a good round Catalogue, among whom I do not find any *English* Doctors, for they are the most abstemious persons in the world; however, being unwilling to trouble my gentle reader with so long a bead-roll, I shall instance only two very illustrious toppers of the Faculty. The first is no less a man than the great *Paracelsus*, who used to get drunk very often; and the other is the famous Master Dr. *Francis Rabelais*, who took a singular pleasure to moisten his clay; or,

* Satir.

§ Boileau.

|| The Names of two Jesuits, the former a famous Preacher, and the latter as famous a Casuist.

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to make use of one of his own expressions, *Hummer le piot*.

I could, after these, mention *Patin**, who tells us, that when he gave his public entertainment for his *Decanat*, or Deanship, at which thirty-six of his colleagues assisted, he never saw in all his life so much toping. From all which, however, one may very reasonably infer, that so many able persons would never have drunk so much, had they not thought it was no ways prejudicial to their health.

To conclude, let any one alledge this verse as a maxim, that

Pocula non lædunt paucula, multa nocent.

It does no harm to take a glass or two,
But in great numbers mighty ills accrue.

And I shall do myself the honour to answer him with another verse, that sometimes

Una salus sanis multam potare salutem†.

The only health to people hail and sound,
Is to have many a tipling health go round.

And that this is true, witness the great *Hippocrates*, who says,

That what to health conduceth best,
Is fuddling once a month at least‡.

* *Esprit de Pat.* p. 51.

† *Owen*, Ep.

‡ *Qui'l faut a chaque mois.*

Du moin s'enyvrer une fois. *Fureteriana.*

CHAP. IV.

That old People ought to get drunk sometimes.

WINE taken with some excess is excellent for old people.

—*Ubi jam validis quassatum est viribus ævi
Corpus & obtusis ceciderunt viribus Artus**.

When shaken by the powerful force of age
The Body languid grows, and ev'ry joynt
Its proper juice exhal'd, all feeble droops.

And is not the reason plain? Because it moistens their dry temperament, and nourishes their radical moisture. Hence came the proverb, which says, that Wine is the Milk of old Men§. *Tirellus*, in his history, declares the same thing, when he says that wine is the Nutriment of natural heat||. Conformably to this truth that old man acted, of whom *Seneca* makes mention, who being pressed to drink wine cooled in snow, said, that his age made him cold enough, and that he did not desire to be more cold than he

* *Lucret. Lib. 3.*

§ *Vinum lac Senum.*

|| *Vina calidi innati pabula.*

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was*. Than which, certainly no answer could be more just and true.

Besides, the infirmities of an advanced age require some consolation and diversion. Let us see what *Montaigne* says, who was not much given to tippling; for he plainly says, that his Gout and complexion were greater enemies to drunkenness than his discourse. His words are these: “ The inconveniencies attending old age, which stand in need of some support and refreshment, might with reason produce in me a desire of this faculty, since it is, as it were, the last pleasure that the course of years steals from us. The natural heat, say the boon companions, begins first at the feet, this is the case of infancy; thence it ascends to the middle region, where it continues a long while, and there produces, in my mind, the only true pleasures of the corporal life; at last exhaling itself like a vapour, it moves upwards, till it comes to the throat, and there it makes its last little stay†.”

Athenæus, after *Theophrastes*, says, that wine drives away those irksome inquietudes to which old people are unhappily subject§. And to conclude, the divine *Plato* assures us, that “Wine is a medicine as well for the body as the

* *Ætas meo frigore contenta est.*

† *Essays*, lib. 2, cap. 2.

§ *Lib. 11, cap. 7.*

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“ mind, the dryness of old people having great
“ occasion for this kind of moistening, and their
“ severe genius of the brisk gaiety inspired by
“ Wine, without which they would not be able
“ to perform their part in the concert, and consequently
“ would be no longer useful members
“ in the commonwealth, which is no other ways
“ supported and preserved than by harmony.”

CHAP. V.

That Wine creates Wit.

AS wine increases the quantity of animal spirits, by the fumes which it sends to the brain, it is easy to comprehend that it cannot but be of great advantage to dull and heavy wits; so that one may particularly apply to them the common proverb, *Wine sets an edge to Wit**. And the emblem of *Adr. Junius*, in which he represents *Bacchus* as a youth with wings on, and with this inscription, *Wine kindles Wit*†, agrees admirably well with these people: but the application of both proverb and emblem is no less just in relation to all the world; for it is most certain, that the God *Bacchus*, by warming the thoughts, renders them more acute, and inspires a greater plenty of witty sallies. For, "*Bacchus* had not the name of *Lysian*, or "*Opener* if I may use the term, bestowed upon him for nothing but purely because he opens the mind by putting it into an agreeable humour, and renders it more subtile and judicious‡." For this reason it is grown into a

* *Vinum acuit Ingenium.*

† *Vinum ingenii fomes.*

‡ *Hist. des. 7. sag. p, 123.*

proverb, that water-drinkers are not near so knowing as those who drink wine*.

Plutarch assures us, that wine collects and increases the powers of the mind. He observes also, that it produces excellent effects on the minds of persons who, though naturally timid, want no penetration. *Plato* maintains, as I have observed in the foregoing Chapter, that wine warms as well the mind as the body.—*Monsieur Hofman* says a great deal more, viz.
 “ That experience proves that those climates
 “ which produce good wine, produce also people
 “ ple that have infinitely more wit than those
 “ of the north, who drink nothing but beer.
 “ *Gryllus* believes that the *Greeks* were called
 “ Fathers of wisdom, on account of the excellency
 “ lency of their wine; and that they lost their
 “ ancient lustre by reason of the *Turks* rooting
 “ out their Vines. The Heathens placed *Pallas*
 “ and *Bacchus* in the same temple, to shew
 “ that wine increased their wisdom, and that
 “ the Gods were represented wiser than Men
 “ only because they drank nectar and ambrosia.”

In respect of Poets the world was always so sensible of the necessity they lay under, of having their imagination roused by wine, that nobody had ever any good opinion of the pro-

* Non idem sapere possunt qui aquam & qui vinum bibunt.

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ductions of a Poet that drank water, that *Non est Dythyrambus si aquam bibat*; and wine was called the Poet's great Horse. "There never "were any excellent Poets," says Mr. *Bayle*, "that could versify, till after drinking pretty "plentifully*."

And if we believe *Plato*, "He could never "open the gates of poesy till he was a little "beyond himself. The soul can speak nothing "grand, or above the common, if it be not "somewhat agitated†."

Horace‡, who knew by experience this truth, goes yet farther.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possint,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Poor water-drinkers sing an irksome tune,
Short liv'd their numbers, and their airs *jejune*.

Ovid bewailed himself very bitterly for want of wine in his exile.

*"Impetus ille sacer, qui vaturn pectora nutrit
"Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

* Resp. aux Quest. d'un Prov. T. 1, ch. 12.

† Sive *Platoni* credimus, frustra Poeticæ fores compos sui pepulit. Non potest grande aliquid & supra ceteros loqui nisi mota mens.

‡ 1 Ep. 19. 3.

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That sacred rage that feeds a Poet's breast,
Common to me, is now no more possess'd.

*La Motte**, my beloved *French Man*, has
something not unlike it.

*" Loin une raison trop timide
" Les froids Poetes qu'elle guide
" Languissent & tombent souvent.
" Venez yvresse temerarie,
" Transports ignorez du vulgarie
" Tels que vous m'agitiez vivant."*

Away too fearful reason, haste, begone,
Those frozen Poets whom thy phantoms guide,
Languish, and often feebly slide,
Down to the lowest ebb of wretchless song,
Inspid notes and lifeless numbers sing.
O come, sweet Drunkenness, thou heady thing,
With transports to the vulgar herd unknown,
Which agitates my soul, and gives it wing.
With kind enthusiasms then ecstatic grown,
It takes its usual flights, sublimely soars,
Spurns the dull globe below, and endless worlds
explores.

One may very well apply to *Bacchus*, what
the same gentleman says of the *Graces* in this
ode†.

* *La Motte*, *Ode Pind.* 1.

† *Ode* 2, *Pindar*.

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" *Tout fleurit par vous au Parnasse,*
 " *Apollon languit, & nous glace,*
 " *Sitôt que vous l'avez quitté,*
 " *Mieux que les traits les plus sublimes*
 " *Vous allez verser sur mes Rimes*
 " *Le Don de l'immortalité."*

The sprightly influence you shed,
 Bright Constellation! makes *Parnassus* gay.
Apollo droops and hangs his head,
 His frozen fingers know not how to play;
 And we his sons the sad distemper find,
 Which chills the fancy and benumbs the mind
 When cruel you withdraw your magick ray
 You finely paint on ev'ry rhyme
 Features most noble and sublime.
 Resplendent all the images,
 In rich immortal draperies.
 You give me colours that can never die,
 But baffle time, and live through all eternity.

It is to wine we owe the productions of *Eschylus* and *Anacreon*, whose Muses were very chilly till *Bacchus* warmed them. *Aurelius*, the Sophist, composed his best declamations in his cups. *Herodes*, called *Saginated Orator*, the fattened orator, never talked better than after drinking pretty plentifully. And, according to *Horace*, this was the case with *Ennius*.

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" *Ennius ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad Arma*

" *Prosiluit dicenda*———*.

Ennius himself ne'er sung of arms,
 Martial exploits and War's Alarms,
 Till the good father's face did shine,
 Enrich'd with ruby beams of Wine.

Alcæus, the famous Poet, never sat down to compose tragedy till he was tipsy. The disciples of the great *Paracelsus* took the opportunity, when he was fuddled, to make him dictate. The venerable Messire *Francis Rabelais*, composed over the bottle the Acts and Gestes of *Gargantua*, and his Son *Pantagruel*, a work which gained him such great reputation. "*Pontius de Thiard*, Bishop of *Chalons sur Saone*, had greater obligations to *Bacchus* than *Apollo* for his good verses; who, not reckoning what wine he drank all day long, never slept without drinking a pretty large bottle†." So true is it, that

" *A la Fontaine ou s'enyvre Boileau*

" *Le grand Corneille & le sacré troupeau*

" *De ces Auteurs que l'on ne trouve guere*

" *Un bon Rimeur doit boir a pleine égyere,*

* 1 Ep. 19. 7.

† *Menagiana*, T, 1, p. 384.

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“ *S’il veut donner un bon tour au rondeau*.*”

At that rich fountain where the great *Boileau*,
Corneille, *Racine*, to whom so much we owe,
 Th’ immortal *Dryden*, and the sacred band
 Of those bright Authors, whom we cannot find,
 Whose names (so does oblivion’s power command)

Alas, we no where know,
 Supp’d largely to inebriate their Mind.
 Here a good versifier, fond of rhyme,
 Should swill, to make his jingling couplets chime.

From hence, good-natur’d B——d, arose	}
your flame,	
Hence your inimitable numbers came,	
When you so prais’d his house and <i>Buckingham</i> .	

And certainly *Cicero* was much in the wrong,
 when he said, that “what people do when they
 “are drunk, is not done with the same appro-
 “bation as if they were sober; they hesitate,
 “and oftentimes recall themselves, and frame a
 “weaker judgment of what they see†.” But

* *Menagiana*, T, 1, p. 189.

† Ne vinolenti quidem quæ faciunt quæ sobrii, hesitant,
 revocant se interdum, usque quæ videntur, imbecillius as-
 sentiuntur, *Acad. Quest. lib. 4.*

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had he consulted experience, he would have found that drunkenness, far from making people fearful, inspires them with boldness and temerity.

CHAP. VI.

That Wine makes one Eloquent.

WHAT wretch so dull, but eloquent must
grow,
When the full Goblets with persuasive wine,
Inebriate with bright eloquence divine?

Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Let us make a few commentaries on this
verse of *Horace*.

We read, that "the Sages of *Portugal* having undertaken to convert those of *Melinda*, "gained as much upon them by wine as by reason, which, in the end, facilitated the conquest of the whole country.*

To draw a consequence from this, we say, that one must reasonably believe, that wine gave those Sages an eloquence necessary to convert the people of *Melinda*, and them a necessary penetration to discover the truth through the thick veils of their ignorance.

Books of Travels further inform us, that "the Priests of the kingdom of *Tibet*, whom "they call *Lamas*, drink a good quantity of

* Rem. sur Rabel, T, 1 lib. 1. cap. 5.

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“ wine on their days of fasting and devotion,
“ that they may have, to use their own words,
“ the tongue prompt, and ready to say their
“ Orisons.*

According to this doctrine, *Palingenius* was much in the wrong to say, that wine makes all Church-men incapable to perform the duties of their function.

Nec bene tractabit vinosus sacra sacerdos.†

No Priest, who tipples wine that's good,
Will do his duty as he shou'd.

Surely our author never conversed much with Religious. The Friars would have told him, they never perform their Office without taking a Choice Cup. *Experto crede Roberto*, as the saying is. There's no false *Latin* in this, says a good Monk to me once upon a time, drawing from under his Cassock a double Flask. You are much in the right on't Brother *Peter*, said I, I believe as the Church believes, and so—my service to you, and here's to the pious memory of St. *Boniface*. And, indeed, the vehicle proved capaciously orthodox.

In relation to what hath been said, I shall add a remark of the famous M. *Bayle*. “ It

* *Divers. cur.*

† *Lib. 3. p. m. 43.*

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“ cannot be denied, says he, that the Christians of *Europe* are subject to two great vices, “ Drunkenness and Lewdness. The first of “ these reigns in cold Countries, the other in “ hot. *Bacchus* and *Venus* share these two “ Climates between them. We find that the “ Reformation having divided this portion of “ Christianity, that part which was subject to “ *Venus*, continues as it was, but the greatest “ part of what was subject to *Bacchus* has renounced Popery.*

But you will say, what coherence has this remark with the matter in question? Have a little patience and you shall presently see the application. I say then, that a thorough true blue hearty Protestant, would conclude from this question, that wine bestowed so much eloquence and penetration to these northern people, as to put them into that happy state, to discover the truth, and conquer all prejudices against it whatsoever. But of this enough.

Pon, pon; pata pon: tara rara, pon pon.†

* Bayle Dict. T. 2. p. 1163.

† Racine.

CHAP. VII.

*That Wine acquires Friends, and reconciles
Enemies.*

FRIENDSHIP is a good so precious and valuable, and at the same time so very rare, that one cannot take too much care in order to procure it. The most efficacious means to do this is feasting. It is by eating and drinking together that conversation becomes more easy and familiar; to use the words of Monsieur *de la Mothe le vayer*, “We hold, that Table “Communion unites peoples very souls, and “causes the strictest friendships.” *Unde Philotetius Crater*.* And, in reality, can any thing be more agreeable and engaging, than to take a friendly bottle in pleasant and delightful company?

And therefore, *Cleomedes* had great reason to say, “take away the pleasures of the table, “where we open ourselves so agreeably to each “other, and you rob us of the sweetest cordial “of human life.”† This was also the Sentiment of *Cicero*, in his book of old age; of *Aristotle*, in his *Ethics*; and *Plutarch*, in his

* Dial. 2. d’Or, Tuber. p. m. 118.

† Hist. 7 Sap.

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Questions. Let who will, then, look on trencher friends to be false, and say with those of whom *Ovid* makes mention,

*Dum fueris felix multos numerabis amicos
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*

In happy times, while riches round you flow,
A thousand friends their obligations own,
But when loud adverse winds begin to blow,
And darksome clouds appear, you're left alone.

Daily experience teaches us, That one of the best means to push one's fortune is, often to regale with those who are in credit; for, to one that may have ruined himself by so doing, ten have made their fortunes. We may therefore say of entertainments, that,

Hæc res & jungit, & junctos servat amicos.

These unite friends and strictly keep them so.

But what is more, wine does the office of a mediator between Enemies. Of which truth I shall instance two Illustrious examples, *M. Crassus* reconciled himself to *Cicero* at a feast; *Asdrubal* and *Scipio* did the same on the like occasion. And one may see, in a description which a very learned person* has given of *Switzerland*,

* Dan. Eremit. Descript. p. 416.

that when the inhabitants of that country quarrel with one another, and come to blows, they are immediately reconciled by returning to their cups, and no harm ensues but sitting up all night and amicably getting drunk together. The *Latin* has more force in it, which I shall therefore here transcribe. *Quin & si quando vehementius in se insurgunt, depositis in medium Armis, pugnis rem manibusque decernunt, sed eodem momento conveniunt, iisdemque epulis, iisdemque poculis à quibus surrexere conciliantibus, & nullo alio ex contentionibus damno, nisi quod innovata pocula in noctem ducantur.*

Tacitus had said the same thing long before of the *Germans*.

But to come nearer. The Bishop of *Bitonto*, one of the Fathers of the Council of *Trent*, and a famous Preacher, frequently in his Sermons exhorting the *Germans* to Unity, and to return to the Church, made use of this Topic, of friendly drinking, conjuring them thereto, as undoubtedly, by the strongest, and most efficacious Argument he could make use of, by remembering how merry and sociable heretofore they had been in their Cups.

CHAP. VIII.

That the Custom of getting Drunk is most Antient.

AFTER having displayed the good Qualities of Wine and Drunkenness, I come now to shew, that it is generally received by all the World. To do this effectually, I shall enter into some particular detail, and after having remarked, *en passant*, how the custom of Fuddling is very antient, I shall then shew, that the Primitive Christians used to get Drunk; I shall speak something of the Tippling of Church Men in general, afterwards I shall take a cursory Review of Popes, Saints and Bishops, then I shall come to Kings and Emperors, and give a small Catalogue of these illustrious Topers; I shall not forget the Philosophers, and much less the Poets, who loved Drinking. Free Masons, and other learned Men, who after having wearied themselves with important Studies, have taken this Diversion, shall also appear upon the Stage. After this I shall enumerate the several Nations that have been, and those which yet are subject to get fuddled; whether they make use of Wine for that purpose, or such Liquors as produce the same

effect with Wine. And from this Enumeration I shall draw some consequences in favour of Drunkenness.

But before I enter into this detail, I hope I shall be permitted a general remark, which is, that my Readers must not expect I should set down a complete List of all the several sorts of Topers I just now mention: such an exactitude would take up too much time. Much sooner may one reckon up what numbers die every Spring by the Doctor; and how many dispose of their Maiden-heads before Marriage.

In every different Class you will find no other jolly Drinkers, but such as I have met with in my great reading, and as shall occur to my remembrance. Neither shall I be very scrupulous in placing them according to the strict rules of Chronology, but put them down as they present themselves to my imagination.

If the Antiquity of a Custom makes it always good and laudable, certainly Drunkenness can never deserve sufficient recommendation. Every one knows, that *Noah* got Drunk after he had planted the Vine. There are some who pretend to excuse him, that he was not acquainted with the strength of Wine. But to this it may very well be answered, that it is not very probable so wise a Man as *Noah* should

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plant a Vine without knowing its Nature and Property. Besides, it is one thing to know, whether he got drunk at all; and another, whether he had an intention to do so.

But if we give any credit to several learned Persons, *Noah* was not the first Man that got fuddled. Father *Frassen* maintains, “ that
“ People fed on Flesh before the Flood, and
“ drank Wine. There is no likelihood, according to him, that Men contented themselves with drinking Water for fifteen or
“ sixteen hundred years together. It is much
“ more credible, that they prepared a drink
“ more nourishing and palatable. These first
“ Men of the World were indued with no less
“ share of Wit, than their Posterity, and,
“ consequently, wanted no industry to invent
“ every thing that might contribute to make
“ them pass their lives agreeably. Jesus Christ
“ says, that in the Days of *Noah*, before the
“ Flood, Men married, and gave their Children in Marriage. These people, Father
“ *Frassen* observes, regaled each other, and
“ made solemn entertainments. Now, who
“ can imagine, that they drank at those Festivals, nothing but Water, and fed only on
“ Fruits and Herbs! *Noah*, therefore, was
“ not the inventor of that use which we make

“ of the Grape; the most that he did, was
“ only to plant new Vines*”.

This good Father was not singular in his opinion, another very learned person also believed, that from the passage of Scripture above cited, one might draw a very probable argument, that Men before the Flood, drank Wine, and that too even to be drunk†.

As for *Procopius* of *Gaza*‡, one of the most antient Interpreters of Scripture, he thinks it no less true, that the Vine was known in the World before *Noah's* time, but he does not allow, that the use of Wine was known before that Patriarch, whom he believes to be the Inventor of it.

* Disq. Biblic. Journ. des Sçavans.

† Jo. Chr. Beeman. Annal. Hist.

‡ Torner de Ebriet, *Lib.* 1. c. 3.

CHAP. IX.

That the Primitive Christians got Drunk.

THERE is no one that has ever so little dipped into Ecclesiastical History, but knows very well, that in the Primitive Church it was a custom to appoint solemn Feasts on the Festivals of Martyrs. This appears by the Harangue of *Constantine*, and from the Works of *St. Gregory Nazianzen*, and *St. Chrysostom*. People generally got drunk at these Feasts; and this excess was looked upon as a thing that might be permitted. This evidently appears by the pathetic complaints of *St. Augustin* and *St. Cyprian*: the former of these Holy Fathers, expresses himself after this manner.—“Drunken Debauches pass as permitted amongst us, so that People turn them into solemn Feasts, to honour the Memory of the Martyrs; and that, not only on those Days which are particularly consecrated to them (which would be a deplorable abuse to those who look at these things with other Eyes than those of the Flesh), but on every day of the year*.”

St. Cyprian, in a treatise attributed to him, says much the same Thing. “Drunkenness,

* Ep. 22.

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“ says he, is so common with us in *Africa*,
 “ that it scarce passes for a Crime. And do
 “ we not see Christians forcing one another to
 “ get Drunk, to celebrate the Memory of the
 “ Martyrs*.

But it was not only at these Repasts that the
 Christians got Drunk, they did the same on
 several other occasions; and 'twas on this ac-
 count that St. *Augustin*, wrote to his dear
Alipius in these terms. “ However the cor-
 “ ruption of manners, and the unhappiness of
 “ the times, have induced us to wish, I do
 “ not say that people should not get drunk in
 “ particular houses, but that they should not
 “ get drunk any where else†.

Cardinal *du Perron* tells us, “that the
 “ *Manichæans* said, that the Catholicks were
 “ people much given to Wine, but that *they*
 “ never drank any.‡

Against this charge, St. *Augustin* no other-
 wise defends them, than by recrimination. He
 answers, “ That it was true, but that they (the
 “ *Manichæans*) drank the juice of apples, which
 “ was more delicious than all the wines and
 “ liquors in the world; And so does *Tertullian*,
 “ which liquor pressed from apples, he says,

* *Pamel*, p. 416.

† *Ep.* 29.

‡ *Perron*, p. 64.

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“ was most strong and vinous.” His words are, *Succum ex pomis vinosissimum**.

Here one may observe also, that the use of cyder was very primitive and ancient, but as strong and delicious as it was, the Catholicks stuck close to the juice of the grape, as what was intirely orthodox and no wise conversant with the Hercticks of those days.

But to return to these feasts just now mentioned, it is certain, that it was not only customary for the Christians of *Africa* to get drunk. They had this custom in common with the christians of *Italy*, where these kinds of repasts were forbidden by the Council of *Laodicea*, which was held in the 4th Century. *Paulinus*, however (and I do not wonder at it, being a Poet) has endeavoured to excuse the Christians, on pretence that they only got drunk out of a good intention, which, say the casuists, judges all human actions†. His words are,

——“ *Ignoscenda tamen puto talia parvis*
· · · Gaudia quæ ducunt epulis, quia mentibus
· · · Erros · · · · ·
· · · Irrepat reatibus, nec tantæ conscia culpa
· · · Simplicitas pietate capiti, male credula sanc-
tos
“ Perfusus halanto mero gaudere sepulchris.”

* Ibid.

† Quicquid agunt homines intentio judicat omne.

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But yet that Mirth in little Feasts enjoy'd,
I think should ready absolution find;
Slight Peccadillo of an erring Mind,
Artless and rude, of all disguises void,
Their simple hearts too easy to believe
(Conscious of nothing ill) that Saints in
Tombs
Enshrine'd, shou'd any happiness perceive
From quaffing cups, and wine ascending
Fumes,
Must be excus'd, since what they did they
meant,
With Piety ill placed, yet good Intent.

CHAP. X.

Of Church Men.

IF one formed a judgment of the manner of Church Mens lives, by their discourses, certainly one would take them for models of sobriety. But there is a great deal of difference between preaching and practising. This distinction is very solid, and daily experience confirms it. And if those Gentlemen would do themselves justice, how many amongst them might say in particular;

Alas! how can I ever dare pretend,
From man this antient error to remove,
Which they, ev'n to distraction, fondly love:
If I, who blame it, with such pain defend
Myself from this contagious malady,
This epidemic poison of the mind.
Weak reason, feeble thing, of which mankind
So boasts, this only we can build on thee,
Unjust continuing still, and false and vain,
In our discourses loudly we complain
Against the passions, weakness, vice, and yet
Those things we still cry down, we still commit.

One cannot, therefore, without indignation,
hear Church Men declaim against Drunkenness,

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while they themselves are such ruddy examples of it.

*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione quærentes.**

With patience who can hear West-Country
Cudden

Rail against roasted beef and good plumb
pudden?

If the law of prescription take place, one cannot dispute with them, that of fuddling with any colour of reason, for in *St. Jerom's* time, the Priests were very much given to wine. This we learn from an Epistle of that Father, in which he very severely reprehends them. They have been no changelings since. We read in the *Adages* of *Erasmus*, that it was a proverb amongst the *Germans*, that the Lives of the Monks consisted in nothing but eating, drinking, and ——— *Monachorum nunc nihil aliud est quam facere, esse, bibere*. Besides, a vast number of Councils, who made most severe Canons against Priests that should get drunk, evidently shew, that they used frequently to do so. Such were the Councils of *Carthage*, *Agathon*, the first of *Tours*, that of *Worms*, *Treves*, &c. To make this more clear, we shall copy a little of what *H. Stephens* says on this

* *Juvenal*.

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subject, in his *Apology* for Herodotus. “ But
“ to return, *says he*, to these Proverbs, *Theolo-*
“ *gal Wine*, and *the Abbots*, or *Prelates Table*,
“ I say, that without these, one could never
“ rightly understand this beautiful passage of
“ *Horace*, viz.

“ *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*

“ *Pulsanda tellus: Nunc saliaribus*

“ *Ornare pulvinar Deorum*

“ *Tempus erit dapibus sodales.*

“ Come boys, let’s put the flowing goblet round,
“ Drink hard, and with brisk measures beat the
“ ground.

“ The tables of the gods now bright shall shine
“ With cheer luxurious, fit for mouths of
“ Priests,

“ When holy *Epicures* become your guests,

“ And venerably quaff large cups of wine.

Nor this other,

“ *Absumet hæres cæcuba dignior*

“ *Servata centum clavibus: & mero*

“ *Tinget pavimento superbo*

“ *Pontificum potiore cænis.*

“ A worthier heir shall then with joy unbind

“ Cæcubian, by an hundred locks confin’d

“ And tinge with better wines the ground,

“ Than e’er at feasts Pontifical are found.

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“ You see how necessary these proverbs are,
 “ to let us into the true understanding of these
 “ two passages of this Poet. Here follows,
 “ word for word, what a certain Gloss says of
 “ the last of them, *mero dicit potiore (meliore)*
 “ *cœnis Pontificum, quam quo Pontifices in cœnis*
 “ *suis, quæ semper sumtuosissimæ fuerunt, unde*
 “ *nunc theologicum dicunt vinum, usi sunt.* That
 “ is, with better wine than that which the chief
 “ Priests used at their suppers, which were al-
 “ ways most sumptuous and expensive, and
 “ which sort of wine we call now *Theological*.

“ By this you plainly see, how much attached
 “ to Divines and Prelates those Gentlemen are,
 “ who make profession of being expositors of
 “ the poets. But in relation to this same *The-*
 “ *ological*, or *Theological*, I know very well that
 “ it is a great question, if it should be cal-
 “ led *Vinum Theologale*, or *Vinum Theologa-*
 “ *lis per appositionem*; for the wicked Laity,
 “ some of them will have it, that when these
 “ good men get Tipsey, they agree no other-
 “ wise, than Dogs and Cats. But I shall leave
 “ this dispute to be decided by the readers.
 “ And as to these two proverbs, they put me
 “ in mind of another, and that is, an *Abbot's*
 “ *Face*, which proverb being very ancient,
 “ makes me believe, that formerly the Abbot's
 “ had their faces illuminated — But without
 “ going any farther for witnesses, I shall con-

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“tent myself with presenting my readers with
“the following piece of antiquity, viz.

“*Sanctus Dominicus sit nobis semper amicus,*
“*Cui canimus rostro jugiter preconia nostro*
“*De cordis venis siccatis ante lagenis.*
“*Ergo tuas laudes si tu nos pangere gaudes*
“*Tempore paschali, fac ne potu puteali*
“*Conveniat uti quod si fit undique muti*
“*Semper erunt Fratres qui non curant nisi*
“*ventres.*

“O good Saint *Dominic*, be ay propitious,
“Whose praise we daily chirp in notes delicious
“From all the veins of all our hearts,
“Having toss’d up some double quarts.
“Therefore, if’t be thy true desire,
“We chaunt thy Lauds at *Easter Quire*.
“Let not thy Saintship think it meet
“We drink from well tho’ ne’er so sweet,
“Liquor unworthy Priest or Parson,
“If so, your Friars will hang an Arse on,
“Who nothing mind, I need not tell ye,
“Most holy Patron, but their belly.
“So used, they’ll ev’ry soul be dumb,
“No *dixit Dominus*, but —— Mum.

Not unlike this is what follows.

“*O Monachi, vestri Stomachi sunt amphora Bac-*
“*chi,*
“*Vos estis, Deus est testis teterrima pestis!*

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“ O Monks, ye reverend drones, your Guts,
“ Of wine are but so many Butts;
“ You are, God knows (who can abide ye?)
“ Of Plagues the rankest, *bona fide!*

CHAP. XI.

Of Popes, Saints, and Bishops, that used to get Drunk.

AFTER having spoken of the drunkenness of Church-men in general, it will not, perhaps, be a thing altogether needless, to put the whole in the clearest light, to confirm what has been said, by the example of Popes, Saints, and Bishops, who have practised that laudable custom of getting drunk.

A little Song, mentioned by *H. Stephens*, in his apology for *Herodotus*, affords matter of speculation in relation to the sobriety of sovereign Pontiffs.

*“ Le Pope qui est a Rome
“ Boit du Vin comme un autre Homme
“ Et de l’Hypocras aussi.*

The Pope at *Rome*, his Holiness,
Of wine drinks many a hearty glass,
And pleasant Hypocras also,
As any other man I trow.

If one reads over the Popes lives, we shall be fully convinced, that these Holy Fathers were no enemies to Wine. *Alexander* the fifth was

a great drinker, and that too, of strong wines, says his own historian, *Theoderic de Neim*. If one may give any credit to the letters of the king of *Spain's* Ambassador to his Master, *Sixtus Quintus* was a terrible Drunkard.*

And Pope *Boniface* instituted Indulgences for those who should drink a Cup after grace (called since *St. Boniface's* Cup,) a plain argument, that his sanctity did not hate Wine.

This puts me in mind of what I have formerly read, tho' the Author's name is now slipped out of my memory, that when Cardinal *Pignatelli*, afterwards *Innocent* the 12th, was advanced to the Papacy, his name signifying little Pots or Mugs, three of which he bore for his Arms; and whose mother was of the house of *Caraffa*, which signifies a Jug, a *French* man made these lines.

“ *Nous devons tous boirè en repos.*

“ *Sous le regne de ce saint pere*

“ *Son noms ses armes sont des pots*

“ *Une Caraffe etoit sa mere.*

“ *Celebrons donc avec eclat*

“ *Cet auguste Pontificat.*

Under this Holy Father's reign
Hang sorrow, let us ne'er complain;
I think all of us should turn Sots,

* Thuan. p. 447.

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And fuddle with one another,
His name, and so his Arms, are Pots,
And a Gallon Pot was his Mother;
Then let us brightly celebrate
This most august Pontificate.

In the main, this is nothing but a little punning or playing with words, but it is one of those agreeable trifles that may now and then be worth our thinking on.

One may add to the number of such Popes as loved Fuddling, all those who sat at *Avignon*; for if we believe *Petrarch*,* the long residence that the Court of *Rome* made at *Avignon*, was only to taste the good *French* Wines; and that it was *merely* on that account they stayed so long in *Provence*, and removed with so much reluctance.

Let us now pass on to Saints and Bishops. I shall only instance one of each, because I hate Prolivity. The first Saint that presents himself to me is the renowned St. *Augustin*, who himself owns, that he used to get drunk sometimes. *Crapula autem nonnunquam surrepit servo tuo misereberis ut longe fiat à me*. Thy Servant has been sometimes crop-sick thro' excess of wine, have mercy on me, that it may be ever far from me. †It is true, M. *Cousin*,

* Perron, p. 387.

† Petit Nepenth, p. 137.

maintains against my Author, M. *Petit*, the *Journal des Sçavans*, of the Year 1689, 27 June, that St. *Augustin*, however, never got drunk. The arguments on both sides you may find in *Bayle's* Dictionary, under the Article *Augustin*. But yet there are somewhere in St. *Augustin* these words, viz. My soul certainly being a spirit cannot dwell in a dry place. *Anima mea certè quia Spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest.*

I shall make no comment upon these words, only insert one already made, which I take from M. *Duchat* in his remarks on *Rabelais**. On these words of Saint *Augustin*, says he, mentioned in the second part of the *Decretals*, *caus. 32. q. 2. c. 9.* the Commentator says, "And "this is an Argument for the Normans, English, "and Poles, that they may drink largely, that "the soul may not live in the dry. *Et est Argu- "gumentum pro Normannis, Anglicis, & Polo- "nis ut possint fortiter bibere, ne anima habitet "in sieco."* To which *Peter Chatelain*, a Flemish Physician, made this pleasant addition, "It is "very probable that the Commentator was an "entire stranger to the nature of the Flemings, "Verisimile est glossatoren ignorasse Naturam "Belgarum."

And, perhaps, this Argument from St. *Augus-*

* Liv. 1, ch. 5.

tin's words, is as just as one of a merry Fellow I knew, who would prove, from *St. Paul's* going to the *Three Taverns**, that he loved a hearty Bottle.

Amongst the Bishops, I cannot Instance a more illustrious example of a great drinker, than that of *Pontus de Thiard*. We are told†, “ That
 “ this Gentleman, after having repented of the
 “ sins of his youth, came to be Bishop of *Chalons sur Soane*; but, however, he did not renounce the power of drinking heartily, which
 “ seemed then inseparable from the quality of
 “ a good poet. He had a Stomach big enough
 “ to empty the largest Cellar; and the best
 “ wines of *Burgundy* were too gross for the subtilty of the fire which devoured him. Every
 “ night at going to bed, besides the ordinary
 “ doses of the day, in which he would not suffer
 “ the least drop of water, he used to drink a
 “ pottle before he slept. He enjoyed a strong,
 “ robust, and vigorous health, to the age of
 “ fourscore.”

* Acts cap. 28. v. 15.

† Rep. des Lett. Febr. 1687. Art. 7.

CHAP. XII.

A Catalogue of some illustrious Topers.

SINCE according to *Horace's* observation, every one conforms himself to the Example of the Prince.

“ Regis ad exemplum totus componitur Orbis.

And that, according to *Seneca's* Maxim, one must regulate ones Conduct by illustrious Models.

“ Vita est instituenda illustribus exemplis.

It must not be wondered at, that People so generally get drunk, since in this they follow the Examples of great Kings, amongst whom are very few that this verse of *Ovid*, which *Guy Patin* applied to *Naudæus* and *Gassendi*, agrees with.*

“ Vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis.

Flies Wine abstemious, but the limpid Stream Pure and unmixed his thirsty Heat subdues.

And, perhaps, this is the reason, why in

* *Esprit de Pat.* p. 22.

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Comedies they bestow crowns to those that are drunk.

————— *Quid ego video*

P. S. Cum coronâ ebrîum Pseudolum meum.*

And in *Amphytrion*, *Mercury* says,

Ho inter & capiam ornatum qui potius decet.

“ I’ll go in and take the Ornament which
“better becomes me.” For he had said a little
before,

*Capiam coronam in caput, assimilabo me esse
ebrium.*

I’ll put a Crown upon my Head and feign
myself Drunk.

Lipsius† furnished me with these Examples.

But I should never have done, if I endeavoured to give a List of all the Kings that got drunk.

————— “ *Quorum si nomina quæras*

“ *Promptius expediam quot amaverat Hippiâ*

“ *mæchos,*

“ *Quot Themison ægros autumnô occiderat uno.‡*

————— * *Plautus.*

† *Ant. Lect. Lib. 3.*

‡ *Juvenal, Satire 10, v. 220.*

—— Whose Names, if you require,
With greater Expedition could I tell,
To *Hippia's* Lust, how many prostrate fell;
How many only in one Autumn died,
By Doctors, and their Slip-slops ill applied.

I shall content myself, therefore, to instance
some of the most illustrious, as they come into
my mind, without observing any certain order.

Alexander the Great first offers himself to my
imagination. It will be sufficient to mention his
name, without saying any more. *Nomen non
amplius addam.*

Cæsar, to make use of *Balzac's* Words, was
not always the sober destroyer of the Common-
wealth, and he did not at all times hate the plea-
sure of drinking.

Cambyzes was also very much given to Wine,
as may be judged by what I am going to say.
This Prince having been told by one of his
courtiers, that the people took notice he got
drunk too often, taking, some time after, his
Bow and Arrow, shot the son of that courtier
through the heart, saying no more than this to
the Father. *Is this the act of a drunkard?*

Darius, the first King of *Persia*, had these
words put upon his tomb.

Vinum multum bibere potui idque perferre.

I could drink much wine and bear it well.

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King *Antigonus* may come in here. *Ælian* reports of this Prince, that one day when he was much in drink, meeting *Zeno* the Philosopher, whom he had a great Kindness for, he kissed him, and promised to give him whatever he would desire, *Zeno* only answered mildly, *Go and ease your Stomach, by vomiting, that's all I ask of you at present.*

Philip, King of *Macedon*, got drunk sometimes; witness what a Woman, whom he had not done Justice to, said to him, viz. *I appeal from Philip drunk, to Philip when sober.*

* *Dionysius* the younger, Tyrant of *Sicily*, was sometimes drunk for nine days successively; he drank himself almost blind, and the Lords of his Court, to flatter him, pretended they themselves could scarce see, so that they neither eat nor drank but what he reached to them.

Tiberius was called *Biberius*, because of his excessive attachment to drinking; in derision, they changed his Surname of *Nero*, into *Mero*.

Bonosus was a terrible Drinker, if one may give any Credit to his own Historian, *Flavius Vopiscus*. He used to make Ambassadors, that came to him from Foreign Powers, drunk, in order, by that means, to discover their secret Instructions.

* *Ælian*, Chap. 6.

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* *Maximin* the Father, drank very often a Pot containing two Gallons. One might very well, therefore, have given him this Epitaph.

Hic jacet amphora vini.

Trajan and Nerva, those excellent Princes, took sometimes a pleasure in getting drunk.

Galerius Maximinus, who, according to *Aurelius Victor*, was a Prince of sweet Temper, and loved Men of Probity and Letters, had a very great Passion for Wine, and frequently got drunk. Having once given Orders when he was in this Condition, which he repented of when sober, he solemnly forbad any one to obey such Orders, that he should give, when he should get drunk for the futnre.

* J. Capitolin.

CHAP. XIII.

Of Philosophers that used to get Drunk.

THO' the Example and Authority of Philosophers prove nothing, yet one must not imagine with *Boileau*,

“ ———— *Que sans Aristote,*

“ *La Raison ne voit goutte, & le bon sens redote.*

That Reason, void of *Aristotle's* Rule.

Insipid grows, good Sense a doating Fool.

It is, however, very true, that we shall find ourselves wonderfully disposed to get fuddled, when we consider that those of Antiquity, for whom we have most respect and veneration, have made no manner of difficulty to get drunk sometimes, and have praised Drunkenness, not only by their Actions, but Discourse. This I am going plainly to make appear. I begin with the *Seven Sages of Greece*, who were acknowledged as such by all Antiquity. These Philosophers did not look upon Drunkenness as a Thing incompatible with Virtue, of which they made strict Profession. History tells us, that they drank largely at the Entertainment *Periander* the Tyrant, or King of *Corinth*, gave them.

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Solon, that famous, yet so rigid Legislator of the *Athenians*, composed a Song in the Praise of Wine, in which he introduced *Venus* and the *Muses*. *Seneca* is of Opinion, that he was suspected to be as much given to Wine as *Arcesilaus*. * And *M. Chevreau* observes very well, that “the Wisdom of *Solon* was not of such an Austerity, as to frighten People, “when he said, *That the Ladies, Wine, and the Muses, were the Pleasures of Human Life.*”

Zeno, whose Philosophy was so severe, got, notwithstanding, drunk sometimes. Being, one Day at an Entertainment, he was asked how he came to be so joyful, he answered, that he was like *Lupines*, which were bitter naturally, but grew sweet after they were moistened.

Socrates, whom the Oracle declared the wisest Man of *Greece*, was, in like manner, a very great Drinker. *M. Charpentier*, in his Life, tells us, That tho’ he did not love to drink, yet when he was forced to it, no one could come up to him; and, that he had this wonderful Happiness, as not afterwards to find himself incommoded by it.

Cato, that Hero of Stoicism, got drunk sometimes, in order to relax his Mind, fatigued with the Cares of publick Employment. These are the very Words of *Seneca*, *Cato vino laxabat*

* *Solonem & Arcesilaum credunt idulcisse vino.*

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animum curis publicis fatigatum. And the same Author says elsewhere, that "People reproach-
"ed *Cato* with Drunkenness, but that Re-
"proach was rather an Honour to him than
"otherwise." *Catoni ebrietas objecta est, & facilius efficiet quisquis objecerit honestum quam turpem Catonem.* *Horace* gives us the same Idea of the great *Cato*, in these Words.

"*Narratur & prisci Catonis*

"*Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.*

Tradition tells, that oftentimes with Wine,
Ev'n *Cato's* Virtue moisten'd, shone Divine.

If one knew the *Scythian* Philosopher *Anacharsis*, no otherwise than by his Apothegms against Wine and Drunkenness, one would take him for the soberest Man in the World, but we know very well that his Theory varied very much upon this Point, and no way agreed with his Practice. One Day above the rest, having got drunk at an Entertainment given by *Lybis*, Brother to *Pittacus*, he demanded the Prize that was to be given to the greatest Drinker. With which Action, when he was afterwards reproached, he reply'd, "Can a
"Man better signalize himself in Battle than
"by glorious Wounds? And at Table, than
"with that Gaiety you call Drunkenness? Did
"not *Homer*, the wisest of your Poets, make

“not only *Agamemnon* drunk, but *Jupiter* too,
 “and made Nectar flow in full Goblets at the
 “Table of the Gods!”* *Ælian*† also tells us,
 that this Philosopher drank largely at *Perian-*
der’s Feasts, and alledged for an Excuse, that to
 drink a great deal was essential to the *Scythians*.

Plato, Another Hero of antiquity, not only
 permitted, but commanded that people should
 get drunk at certain times. To prove what I
 say, one has no more to do than to read his
 Laws.

Seneca, who was so severe a Philosopher, at
 least his religious precepts would make one think
 him so, thought it no harm, now and then to
 get drunk, and ranges Drunkenness amongst
 the means he prescribes to maintain the strength
 and vigor of the Mind. I have quoted what he
 says in this respect, in the first and second chap-
 ter of this work.

The Philosopher *Arcesilaus*, who lived about
 the 120th Olympiad, might be reckoned amongst
 those who loved Wine, since he died by drinking
 too much of it unmixed. A greater, and more
 convincing proof of his sincere love of the Crea-
 ture could not be given.

For he that hangs, or beats out Brains,
 The Devil’s in him if he feigns‡.

* Hist. Sep. Sap.

† Lib. 2. 2.

‡ Hudibras.

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**Xenocrates*, one of the most illustrious Philosophers of ancient *Greece*, and of a virtue very rigid and severe, got drunk sometimes. *Ælian* has put his name into the Catalogue of those who loved drinking, and could bear a great deal of liquor. *Athenæus*, says this Philosopher, gained the Crown of Gold which the tyrant of *Syracuse* had promised him that should empty a certain measure of Wine. *Diogenes Laertius* confirms this last particular. "He had more-
 "over acquired such an empire over his passi-
 "ons, that a very beautiful Courtesan (*Phryne*)
 "who had laid a wager she could subdue his
 "virtue, lost it, tho' she had the liberty to lie
 "with him, and use all her little toyings to in-
 "cite him to enjoy her." *You see here* (adds Mr. Bayle) *a triumph as remarkable as that of St. Aldhelme, and some other canonised Saints, who came off victorious on such Attacks.*

†*Cicero* assures us, That *Stilpo of Megera*, the Philosopher, a man of much wit and ability for the times he lived in, loved Wine as well as Women; and, that his friends wrote this of him in his praise and not dishonour.

Athenæus says, that the Philosophers *Lacides* and *Timon*, once upon a time, past two whole days successively in drinking. *Ælian* puts their names into his Catalogue of hard drinkers; to

* Bayle Diet. Art. *Xenoc.*

† Lib. de Fab.

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which he adds *Amasis*, the Lawgiver of the *Egyptians*.

Chrysippus the Philosopher, native of *Solos*, a town of *Cilicia*, or of *Tharsus*, according to others, got drunk pretty often. It is said, that some of his disciples, having prevailed upon him to come to a Sacrifice, he drank so much pure Wine, that he died five days afterwards. There are other Authors, however, will have it, that he died of immoderate Laughter, seeing an Ass eat figs out of a dish, and upon which he commanded they should give him drink.

CHAP. XIV.

Of Poets that used to get Drunk.

AS Wine is the Poets great horse, so it must not be wondered at, that the major part of them fuddle their noses; for, in reality, they cannot properly be said to be mounted on their great horses, till they have drank pretty heartily. These gentlemen speak then on horseback, for the discourse of Poets is quite opposite to that of Orators, which *Horace* says, is a discourse on foot,* but when they drink nothing, we can only say, that they are mounted upon.

The attachment that *Homer* had to Wine, appears in the frequent Eulogiums he gives that liquor. And if we examine *Anacreon* ever so little, we shall find his inclinations, as well as his verses, were divided between Wine and Love. As much delicacy and fine turns as one finds in his works, an honest man cannot see without indignation, but that they tend absolutely to *debauch*. *One must drink, one must love. The moments that are not employed in the Pleasures of the Senses are lost.* *Pausanias* tells us, that he saw at *Athens* the Statue of *Anacreon*, which represented him drunk and singing.

* *Sermo pedestris.*

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The Poet *Philozenus* wished that he had a neck as long as a Crane, that he might the longer have the pleasure of swallowing wine, and enjoy its delicious taste.

Ion the Poet of *Chios*, was not much more sober in respect of wine, according to *Ælian* and *Euripides*.

Horace must by no means be forgotten, whose satires derive from the Grape their sprightfulness and gaiety.

Timocreon of *Rhodes* a comic Poet in the 75th Olympiad, was a great drinker. *Athenæus* has given of him this epitaph.

Multa bibens & multa vorans, mala plurima dicens

Multis hic jaceo Timocreon Rhodius.

To these we may add *Alceus* and *Ennius*, of whom we have already made mention; but what signifies this enumeration, since it is most certain, that almost all the Poets in the world, of all ages, got drunk, which puts them under the protection of *Bacchus*. This made them heretofore in *Rome*, celebrate once a year, in the month of *March*, a festival in honour to this God, with solemn sacrifices. What *Ovid** has said on this point, puts the matter out of all doubt.

* *Trist.* 5. 3.

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*" Illa dies hæc est, qua te celebrare poetæ
" Si modo non fallunt tempora, Bacche, solent,
" Festaque odoratis innectunt tempora sertis
" Et dicunt laudes ad tua vina tuas.
" Inter quos memini, dum me mea fata sinebant,
" Non invisæ tibi pars ego sepæ fui.*

This is the day, unless the times are chang'd,
That Poets us'd to sing in merry lays,
And with sweet garlands crown'd, promiscuous
rang'd
To thy rich wines, great *Bacchus*, chaunt thy
praise.
With these gay chorists, when my fates were
kind,
Free, unreserv'd, to thee, immortal power
(The pleasing object fresh salutes my mind)
Without disguise, a part I often bore.

CHAP. XV.

*Of Free Masons and other learned Men, that
used to get Drunk.*

IF what Brother *Eugenius Philalethes* Author of *Long Livers*, a book lately printed, and dedicated to the *Free Masons*, says in his preface* to that treatise, be true, those mystical Gentlemen very well deserve a place amongst the learned. But without entering into their peculiar jargon, or whether a man be sacrilegiously perjured for revealing Secrets, when he has none, I do assure my readers, they are very great friends to the Vintners. An Eye-witness of this was I myself, at their late general meeting at *Stationer's Hall*, who having learned some of their Catechism, passed my examination, paid my five shillings, and took my place accordingly.

We had a good dinner, and to their eternal honour, the brotherhood laid about them very

* Vide Preface, p. 17. l. 6. where are these words, viz.—Thus shall Princes love and cherish you as their most faithful Children and Servants, and take delight to commune with you, in as much as amongst you are found Men excellent in all kinds of Sciences, and who, thereby, may make their names, who love and cherish you, Immortal.

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valiantly. *They saw then their high dignity; they saw what they were, acted accordingly, and shewed themselves (what they were) MEN.** The *Westphalia* Hams and Chickens, with good Plumb Pudding, not forgetting the delicious Salmon, were plentifully sacrificed, with copious libations of wine for the consolation of the Brotherhood. But whether, after a very disedifying manner their demolishing huge walls of Venison Pasty, be building up a spiritual house, I leave the brother *Eugenius Philalethes* to determine. However, I do them justice, I must own, there was no mention made of politics or religion, so well do they seem to follow the advice of that Author.† And when the music began to play, *Let the King enjoy his own again*, they were immediately reprimanded by a person of great gravity and science.

The Bottle, in the mean while, went merrily about, and the following healths were begun by a great man, the King, Prince and Princess, and the Royal Family; the Church as by law established; Prosperity to old *England* under the present Administration; and Love, Liberty, and Science, which were unanimously pledged in full Bumpers, attended with loud huzzas!

The Faces then of *the most antient and most*

* Page 6. l. 9.

† Page 16. l. 19.

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honourable Fraternity of the FREE MASONS, brightened with ruddy Fires; their Eyes illuminated, resplendent blazed.

Well fare ye, merry Hearts, thought I, hail ye illustrious Topers, if *Liberty and Freedom*, ye free Mortals, is *your essential Difference*, richly distinguishes you from all others, and is, indeed, the very Soul and Spirit of the Brotherhood, according to the Brother *Eugenius Philalethes*.* I know not who may be your *Alma Mater*, but undoubtedly *Bacchus* is your *Liber Pater*.

*'Tis Wine, ye Masons, makes you free.
Bacchus the Father is of Liberty.*

But leaving the *Free Masons*, and their *invaluable* Secrets, for I know not what they are worth, come we now to speak of other Men of Learning, who loved to indulge their Genius with the delicious Juice of the Grape. And here we need not fly to Antiquity, which would swell this Work into a large Volume, later Times will furnish us with many a bright Example. *Non semper confugiamus ad vetera.*

A Man of Learning, after ten or twelve Hours daily Study, cannot do better, than to unbend his Mind in drinking plentifully of the

* Page 5. l. 12. Page 42. l. 13.

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Creature; and may not such a one say to himself these Verses of the *French* Poet.

“ *Dois-je mal a propos secher a faire un livre*
 “ *Et n’avoir pour tout fruit des peines que je*
 prends
 “ *Que la haine de sots & les mepris des grands.**

Why should I pass away my Time in vain,
 And to compose a Book, dry up my Brain,
 When all the Recompence I’m like to find,
 For all the Toil and Labour of my Mind,
 Is the unthinking silly Ideot’s Hate,
 And the Contempt and Scorn of all the Great.

I must own I would have the indefatigable Labour of such a one gain an immortal Reputation after his Death; but after all, to weary one’s self all one’s life long, with those Views, is very chimerical. And certainly, he that makes but little Account of the Honours that might accrue to him after his Death, acted like a Man of Sense. *Si venit post fata gloria non propero.*†

Is it not infinitely better to divert one’s self while one lives, than to idle all one’s life away in poring upon Books? Much better will the following song become the mouth of a man of letters, which I have transcribed out of the *Mer-cure Galant*, of the year 1711, p. 67.

* Oeuv. div. du Sieur D’Espreaux, p. 246.

† Martial.

" *De ceux qui vivent dans l'Histoire,*
 " *Ma fois je n'envierai le sort.*
 " *Nargues du Temple de Memorie*
 " *Ou l'on ne vit que lorsque l'on est mort.*
 " *J'aime bien mieux vivre pendant ma vie*
 " *Pour boire avec Silvie;*
 " *Car je sentirai*
 " *Les momens que je vivrai*
 " *Tant que je boirai."*

Faith I shan't envy him, whoe'er he be,
 That Glorious lives in History;
 Nor Memorie's rich Fane amuse my head,
 Where no one lives but when he's dead.
 I had much rather while I life enjoy,
 The precious moments all employ,
 With my lov'd *Silvia*, and delicious Wine,
 Both wonderful and both divine.
 For that I truly live, and healthy prove,
 Is that I drink, and that I love.

This is exactly the same thing that *Racan* said to *Maynard* in this Ode*.

" *Je sai, Maynard, que les merveilles*
 " *Qui naissent de tes longues veilles*
 " *Vivront autant que l'Univers;*
 " *Mais que te sert il que ta gloir*
 " *Eclipse au Temple de Memoire*

* Parnass. Franc. p. 97.

" *Quand tu seras mangé des vers?*
 " *Quitte cette inutile peine,*
 " *Bûvons plutôt a longue haleine*
 " *De ce doux jus délicieux,*
 " *Qui pour l'excellence précède*
 " *Le Bruvage que Ganimede*
 " *Verse dans la coupe des Dieux,*

Maynard, I know thy thoughts express'd in
rhime,

Those wonders of thy bright immortal pen,
 Shall live for ever in the minds of men,
 Till vast eternity shall swallow time.
 Yet should thy glories, now so radiant bright,
 In Memory's rare Temple lose their light;
 Suffer eclipse, when to the worms a prey,
 Those reptiles eat thy poor remains away.
 Does this reflection chagrin thee, my Friend,
 Thus to the useless thought decree an end?
 Drink, and drink largely, that delicious juice,
 The Em'rald Vines in purple gems produce,
 Which for its excellence surpasses far

That liquor, which to bright celestial souls,
Jove's minion, *Ganimede*, with steady care,
 Richly dispenses in immortal bowls.

So much for Poetry, let us come to the point,
 and instance some learned men that have loved
 this diversion. And first, enter *Erasmus*, who
 certainly was no enemy to wine, since he chose

rather to continue where the Plague was, than drink Water. To prove this, I shall instance part of a Letter written to this great Man, by *Ammonius* an *Italian* and very learned person. "Immediately after my arrival in *England* I endeavoured to inform myself where you were, because in your last you told me, the Plague had forced you to quit *Cambridge*. At length I was told for certain, that you had indeed left the town, but retiring to a place where there was no wime, which to you being worse than the Plague, you returned thither, and where you now are. O intrepid soldier of *Bacchus*, whom so imminent a danger could not compel to desert his general!" The *Latin* having much more force, for the sake of those who understand that language, I shall take the liberty to insert it, as follows:—*Simul atque Anglicum solum tetigi, ubi locorum esses rogare cepi, siquidem Cantabrigiensem pestem fugere te scripsisti. Unus tandem sextinus mihi dixit te quidem Cantabrigiam. Ob pestem reliquisse & concessisse nescio quo, ubi cum vini penuria laborares, & eo carere gravius peste duceres, Cantabrigiam repetiisse atque ibi nunc esse. O fortem Bassarei commilitonem, qui in summo periculo ducem decerere nolueris**.

Daniel Heinsius loved to drink a little. One

* Bayle Dict. Art. Ammon.

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Day, when he was not in a condition to read his Lectures, having got drunk the day before, some arch-wags fixed these words on the School door: *Daniel Heinsius, non leget hodie, propter hesternam carpulam**.

George Sharpe, a Scotch Man, professor, and Vice-Chancellor of *Montpelier*, who died in the year 1673, on his Birth-day, aged 59 Years was a great drunkard†.

Barthius may also be reckoned amongst those learned toppers, if what *Coloniez* says be true. "I knew," says he, "some learned men in *Holland*, who spoke of *Scriverius* as of a man extremely amorous. *M. Vossius*, amongst others, related to me one day, that *Barthius* being come from *Germany* to *Harlaem* to see *Scriverius*, had in his company a Lady perfectly beautiful, whom *Scriverius* had no sooner seen, but he found means to make *Barthius* drunk, that he might entertain the Lady with greater liberty, which he accomplished. It was not, however, so well managed, but *Barthius* coming to himself, had some reason to suspect what had past, which grew so much upon him, that he took the Lady along with him in a rage, and drowned her in the *Rhine*‡."

* Menagian, T. 1. p. 26.

† Patinian, p. 106.

‡ Rec. de partic. p. 318. Ed. 4.

Scaliger treats as a drunkard *John Kuklin*, a Calvinist Minister, Native of *Hesse*, and a very learned man*.

“*Nicholas de Bourbon*, of *Bar sur l’Aube*,
 “was Nephew’s Son to the Poet *Nicolas Bour-*
 “*bon*, who lived in the time of *Francis* the
 “first; after having been King’s Professor,
 “then Canon of *Langres*, made himself a Fa-
 “ther of the Oratory——He was a prodi-
 “gious dry Soul, and loved good Wine, which
 “made him often say, That tho’ he was of the
 “*French Academy*, yet that when he read
 “*French Verses*, he fancied he was drinking
 “Water.

The great *Buchanan*, so famous for his fine Writings, was a terrible Drinker, if we may give any Credit to Father *Garasse*. What follows is taken out of his *Doctrine Curieuse*, p. 748. “I shall, says he, recount to our
 “new Atheists, the miserable End of a Man
 “of their Belief and Humour, as to eating
 “and drinking. The Libertine having passed
 “his debauched Youth in *Paris*, and *Bour-*
 “*deaux*, more diligent in finding out Tavern
 “Bushes, than the Laurel of *Parnassus*; and
 “being towards the latter End of his Life,
 “recalled into *Scotland*, to instruct the young
 “Prince, *James VIth*, continuing his Intem-

* *Scaliger*, p. 409.

“perance, he grew at last so dropsical by
 “drinking, that by way of Jeer, he said he
 “was in Labour. *Vino intercute*, not *aquâ*
 “*intercute*. As ill as he was, he would, how-
 “ever, not abstain from drinking bumpers, and
 “then too all of pure wine, as he used to do
 “at *Bourdeaux*. The physicians who had care
 “of his health, by order of the King, seeing the
 “extravagant excesses of their patient, told him
 “roundly, and in a kind of heat, that he did
 “all he could to kill himself, and that, if he con-
 “tinued this course of life, he could not live
 “above a Fortnight or three Weeks longer.
 “He desired them then to hold a consultation
 “amongst themselves, and let him know how
 “long he might live if he abstained from wine.
 “They did so, and told him, he might, on
 “that condition five or six years longer. Upon
 “which he gave them an answer worthy his
 “humour. *Go*, says he, *with your Regimens*
 “*and Prescriptions, and know, that I had rather*
 “*live three Weeks, and get drunk every Day,*
 “*than six Years without drinking Wine.* And
 “as soon as he had thus dismissed the Physi-
 “cians, he caused a Barrel of Wine of *Grave*
 “to be placed at his Bed’s Head, resolving to
 “see the Bottom of it before he died; and
 “carried himself so valiantly in this Encoun-
 “ter, that he drank it up to the Lees, fulfil-
 “ling literally the Contents of this quaint

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“ Epigram of *Epigonus* upon a Frog, who falling into a Pipe of Wine, cried out,

Φρύ τίνας ἴδωζ
πίνουσι μάνην σώφεςίνα μαινόμενοι.

“ Having Death and the Glass between his
“ Teeth, the Ministers visited him to bring
“ him to himself, that he might take Resolution to die with some Thought and Reflection, one of them especially exhorted him to recite the Lord’s Prayer, upon which, opening his Eyes, he looked very ghastly upon the Minister; *And what is that*, says he, *that you call the Lord’s Prayer?* The Stan-
“ ders by answer’d, It was the *Our Father*;
“ and that, if he could not pronounce that Prayer, they desired him, that at least he would recite some Christian Prayer, that he might die like a good Man. For my part,
“ replied he, I never knew any other Prayer
“ than this,

“ *Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,*
“ *Contractum nullis ante cupidinibus.*

Cynthia’s fine Eyes, me wretched, first could
move,
Before that Time I knew not what was Love.

“ And scarce had he repeated ten or twelve
“ Verses of that Elegy of *Propertius*, but he

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“ expired, surrounded with Cups and Glasses,
“ and of him one may really say, that he vomited his Purple Soul out, *Purpuræam vomit ille Animam*.*

I shall not vouch for the Truth of this Story, but you have it as I find it; nor must it be expected that *Buchanan*, who was their mortal Enemy, should find any Favour from the Priests of the Church of *Rome*.

Justus Lipsius got sometimes drunk, he tells us so himself, in his Commentary on *Seneca*, for in that Passage where the Philosopher says, That Drunkenness cures some certain Distempers, he makes on the Word *Distempers* this remark following. *Melancholy* (WE KNOW IT BY EXPERIENCE) *or Cold*. And in the discourses which he says were carried on between *Carrio Demius*, and *Dusa*, upon subjects of literature, and which he inserts in his *antient lessons*, they had always a glass in their hand.

Every one knows that *Baudius*, Professor of the University of *Leyden*, was a great drinker, and *Culprit* himself pleads guilty to the indictment. *Hubemus rerum confitentem*. Here follow his own words, which I own I cannot translate without losing their beauty in the *Latin*, but the substance is, that he desires envy itself to say any thing against him but, that like the antient

* Bayle Dict. Art. *Buchan*. D.

Cato, he drank pretty liberally of the juice of the Grape. *Concurrant omnes*, says he, *non dicam ut ille satiricus, Augures, Haruspices, sed quicquid est ubique hominum coriosorum, qui in aliena acta tam sedulo inquirunt ut ea fingant quæ nunquam fuerunt, nihil inveniet quod in nobis carpere possit livor, quam quod interdum ad exemplum prisci Catonii liberalitatis invitare nos patiamur, nec semper constitimus ultra sobrietatem veterum Sabinorum.** And in another Letter he says, that the most virulent detractor could never reproach him with any thing, but, that he got sometimes drunk. *Maliginitas obtreclatorum nihil aliud in nobis sigillare potest quam quod nimis commodus sum convivator, & interdum largius adspargor rore liberi patris.†*

Balzac made also some little debauches with some of his friends at his country house; and what he wrote to an officer who was then prisoner in *Germany*, makes it evidently appear, that he thought it lawful so to do. "In relation," says he, to the *German* manner of drinking "healths, which you speak of with such trouble, "as if they were so many *Turkish Bastinadoes*. "I think your sobriety in that respect to be a "little too delicate, you must learn to howl

* Ep. 33. Centur. 3.

† Ep. 26. Centur. 33.

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“ when you are in the company of Wolves, as
“ the Proverb has it, and not to instance great
“ Generals; don’t you know, that wise Amba-
“ sadors of Kings have heretofore got drunk,
“ for the good of their Masters affairs, and sa-
“ crificed all their prudence and gravity to the
“ necessity of great men, and the custom of the
“ Country where they were. I do not advise
“ you here to any forbidden acts of intempe-
“ rance, but I think it no manner of harm now
“ and then to drown your Chagrin in *Rhenish*
“ wine, and to make use of that agreeable
“ means to shorten the time, the long continu-
“ ance of which is ever extremely tedious to
“ prisoners.*

The illustrious Professor of *Utrecht*, whose name shall live as long as the Republic of letters shall subsist, was a great drinker, and valued himself for drinking a great deal. It is reported of this learned man, that at the Congress of the last peace, a certain German Prince, of a Sovereign house, came on purpose to have a Brush with our Professor, who accepted the challenge, and came off victorious, having fairly laid his Enemy speechless on the Floor.

* Lett. chois. lib. 2. Let. 5.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Nations that used to get Drunk.

THE Plot now begins to thicken upon us, and we are come to give an account of such Nations with whom the custom of getting drunk was heretofore very much in vogue; and of those with whom this same custom reigns at this very day.

When we consult antient Histories upon this point, we learn from *Plato*.^{*} that the *Scythians*, *Thracians*, *Celtæ*, and *Iberians*, were the greatest drinkers that ever were. *Ælian*† says the same, in relation to the *Thracians* and *Illyrians*. It is also reported of the *Parthians*,‡ that the more they drink, the more thirsty they grow.

Atheneus§ also assures us, that the *Thracians* were great drinkers; and he says the same thing of the *Milesians*, *Illyrians*, *Lydians*, *Persians*, *Carthaginians*, *Gauls* and *Spaniards*.

The *Tapyrians* were so much given to wine,

^{*} Lips. Cent. 3. Ep. 51.

† Lib. 2. cap. 15.

‡ Erasm. Adag.

§ Lib. 10. cap. 10.

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that they past their whole lives in drinking, and even bathed their bodies in wine.*

The *Tarentians* used to drink from morning till night, and got quite drunk in public.†

The *Leontins*, a people in *Sicily*, were such great drunkards, that they occasioned this proverb, viz. the *Leontins* are always near a cup of wine.‡

The *Byzantins* must not be refused a place in this Chapter. *Ælian reports*,§ that *Leonides*, their General, being besieged, and unable to make his men keep their posts, which they quitted every moment to go and get drunk at the taverns, he immediately gave orders that the vintners should repair with all their liquors to the ramparts, by which stratagem he kept them to their duty.

But as it may be said, that the Nations we have already mentioned were all barbarous, we shall, for that reason, verify what *Montaigne* says, that amongst Nations the best regulated, and most polite, *this Essay of Drinking deep was very much in use.*||

The *Greeks*, whom one may look upon as the only Nation in the world for politeness and

* *Ælian*, lib. 3. cap. 13.

† Lib. 12.

‡ *Forner de Ebriet.* lib. 1. cap. 12.

§ Lib. 3. cap. 14.

|| *Essays*, 1. 2. cap. 2.

good sense, are a proof of what I advance. They celebrated the Feasts of *Bacchus* with a great deal of solemnity; 'tis from them that *Pergrecari*, of which every one knows the signification, is derived. *Ælian* assures us, they were so very luxurious, that they put perfumed oils into their wine, which they called wine of Myrrh.

The *Romans* had also a very strong passion for wine, so that at *Rome* there were frequently very great seditions for want of it. *Seditiones sunt concitatae graves ob inopiam vini**, says *Ammianus Marcellinus*, in the life of *Constantius* and *Gallus*; and in the reign of *Constantius* only, the same Historian says, there was a sedition also upon that very account.

Titus Livius tells us, that the *Clusians* passed the *Alps*, and came to inhabit the country that the *Etrurians* possessed before, to have the pleasure of drinking wine†.

Let us now descend to some Nations, with whom, at present, this custom of getting drunk is received.

Sir *Paul Ricaut*‡ assures us, that the *Turks* considering that wine rejoices the heart, and comforts the stomach, have begun to drink it;

* Hist. Aug. Script. Ed. 1609. Fol. p. 414. & p. 425.

† P. 85.

‡ Hist. of the Turks.

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adding, that at present there are only a few (*Ulamah*) ecclesiastical hypocrites, or some ignorant bigots, or superannuated people, that abstain from that liquor, but at the same time drunkenness is grown very common amongst them.

M. Du Mont confirms this truth, "As to wine," says he, "tho' it be as expressly forbidden as swine's flesh, it is nevertheless very certain, that a great many *Mahometans* transgress that precept, and the justest thing that I can say in that respect is, that abstinence from wine is observed there almost after the same manner as *Lent* in *France*."*

The *Persians* too drink wine to excess, tho' their Law forbids the use of it; and they say for an excuse, "That it is to pass away the time, and sweeten the cares that surprize them."

The *Armenians* are no way behind the *Persians*, if we may believe *Tavernier*, who says, that with them, "He that treats thinks he has handsomely acquitted himself of his entertainment, if his guests cannot find the door when they have a mind to go home, which would very often happen, without the assistance of their servants, who lead them, and yet have not power enough sometimes to keep them from falling down in the Room, or in

* Voyage, T. 3, Let. 5.

“ the Street, which is a great satisfaction to the
 “ host; for if he finds any of them master of so
 “ much judgment as to guide himself, tho’ he
 “ reels never so much, he laments very much,
 “ as having the misfortune of spending his
 “ money to no purpose.”*

The *Siameze* drink wine very heartily when they can get it, tho’ every thing that may intoxicate them is forbidden by their Law.†

Father *le Clerc*, author of a relation of *Gaspesia*, assures us, that drunkenness is the favourite vice of the inhabitants of that country‡.

The Inhabitants of the Coast of *Africa* are great Drunkards; they would give all they had in the World for a Glass of Brandy. At *Loanda*, Capital of the Kingdom of *Angola*, a Firkin of Wine sells for above 30 Pounds Sterling. They love it extremely, and they tell you a pleasant Story hereupon of the great Duke of *Bamba*, which is a Province of the Kingdom of *Congo*, viz. that he once refused the Crown, as he himself owned to the Fathers Missioners, that he might be always near the *Portuguese*, and drink, by their means, sometimes a little Wine or Brandy§.

The *Muscovites* love Wine with a kind of

* *Travernier's Trav.* tom. 1. lib. 5. cap. 17.

† *Loubere*, liv. 1. ch. 9.

‡ *Bibl. Univ. T.* 23. p. 44.

§ *Viaggio del Congo*.

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Fury, and it has been known, that when a man who has drunk to excess, and can swallow no more, they wash him soundly with it. And in *Germany*, you are not looked upon to have treated your Guest like a Friend, if you do not reduce him to that Condition, as quite to forget himself, and know not what he does*.

“As *Georgia* produces strong Wines, so its Inhabitants are great Drunkards, the strongest Liquors is what they love most; and at their Entertainments, they drink more Brandy than Wine, Women as well as Men†.

Sir *John Chardin*‡ assures us, that there is no Country in the World where they drink so much Wine, and more excellent, than they do at *Georgia*; adding, that the *Georgians* are great Drunkards, and that the Clergy get drunk as well as the Laity.

Like People like Priest..

Quales Populus talis Sacerdos.

We have taken care not to forget *Germany*. *Vocabitur hæc quoque votis.* Which we reserve to the next Chapter.

* Chevrean, T. 2. p. 215.

† Tavern. T. 1. liv. 3. ch. 9.

‡ Voyag. T. 2. p. 129.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the Drunkenness of the Germans.

THE *Germans* were, in all Times and Ages, great Drinkers, and in the Words of one of their own Poets.

*" Illic nobilitas, æterno nomine digna
" Exhaurire cados, siccareque pocula longa.**

— worthy eternal Fame!
'Tis there a Piece of true Nobility,
To empty Casks, and drink deep Goblets dry.

To demonstrate the Origin of their Bibacity, it is absolutely necessary to go higher than *Tacitus*, who, in the Treatise which he composed in relation to their Customs and Manners, thus speaks, " It is no shame with them " to pass whole Days and Nights in drinking; " but Quarrellings are very frequent amongst " them, as are usual amongst Folks in that " respect, and more often end at Daggers " drawing than in *Billingsgate*. It is, however, in such Meetings, that Alliances and " Reconciliations are formed. Here they " treat of the Election of Princes. In short,

* G. Brusch. Inter. p. 405.

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“ of all Affairs, of Peace and War. Those
“ Opportunities they think most proper, inas-
“ much as then People shake off all Disguise
“ of Thought and Reflection, and the Heat
“ of Debauch engages the Soul of Man to
“ Resolutions the most bold and hardy.*

Owen, our Country Man, has made an Epitaph in Honour of these our substantial Topers, the *Germans*; the Sense of which is, That if Truth lies hidden in Wine, they are the first People in the World that will find it out. His Words are,

*Si latet in vino Verum, ut Proverbia dicunt,
Invenit verum Teuto vel inveniet.*

Let us see now what Travellers have said on this Subject of the *Germans*: And we will begin with *M. Aug. de Thou*, an Eye-witness thereof.† “ There is, says he, before *Mulhau-*
“ *sen*, a large Place, or Square; where, dur-
“ ing the Fair, assemble a prodigious Number

* *Diem noctemque continuare nullum probrum, crebræ ut inter vinolentos rixæ, raro conviciis sepius cede & vulneribus transiguntur. Sed & de reconciliandis invicem inimicitiis & pangendis affinitatibus & adsciscendis principibus, de pace denique ac bello plerunque in conviviis consultant; tanquam nullo magis tempore aut ad simplices cogitationes pateat animus, aut ad magnas in calescat.*

† *Memoir de Thou. liv. 2. p. 63.*

“ of People, of both Sexes, and of all Ages;
 “ there one may see Wives supporting their
 “ Husbands, Daughters their Fathers, totter-
 “ ing upon their Horses or Asses, a true
 “ Image of a *Bacchanal*. The publick Houses
 “ are full of Drinkers, where the young Wo-
 “ men who wait, pour Wine into Goblets, out
 “ of a large Bottle, with a long Neck, without
 “ spilling one drop. They press you to drink
 “ with Pleasantries the most agreeable in the
 “ World. People drink here continually, and
 “ return at all Hours to do the same Thing
 “ over again.

This pleasant sight, so new to *M. de Thou*, continues almost all Night. And what is very particular amongst such a great concourse of People, and such a number of Drunkards, every thing passes without dispute and quarrelling.

Let us now see what the Duke *de Rohan* says on this head, whose words are these,* “ From
 “ thence I came to *Trent*, a place no ways
 “ agreeable, and famous for nothing but the
 “ last Council which was held there; and if
 “ it was not that it was half *Italian*, (being
 “ glad of coming out of little *Barbary*, and a
 “ universal Tipling-house), I would take no
 “ notice of it; being well satisfied, that the
 “ Mathematicians of our times, can no where

* *Voyag.* p. 27. Ed. 1646.

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“ find out the perpetual Motion, so well as
“ here, where the Goblets of the *Germans* are
“ an evident Demonstration of its Possibility.
“ They think they cannot make good Cheer,
“ nor permit Friendship or Fraternity, as they
“ call it, with any, without giving the Seal
“ brimful of Wine, to seal it for Perpetuity.

M. *Misson*, who was also some time in
Germany, gives us yet a larger description.
“ The *Germans*, says he,* are, as you know,
“ strange Drinkers. There are no people in
“ the world more caressing, more civil, more
“ officious; but still another Cup. They have
“ terrible customs on that article of Drinking.
“ Every thing is transacted over the Bottle;
“ you can do nothing without Drinking. One
“ can scarce speak three words at a visit, but
“ you are astonished to see the Collation come
“ in, or at least a good quantity of Wine, at-
“ tended with Crusts of Bread, cut into little
“ pieces, upon a Plate with Salt and Pepper,
“ a fatal preparative for bad Drinkers. I
“ must instruct you in the Laws they observe
“ in their Cups; Laws sacred and inviolable.
“ You must never drink without drinking some
“ ones Health, which having done, you must
“ immediately present the Glass to the party
“ you drank to, who must never refuse it, but

* *Voyage de Italie*, T. 1. Let. 9

“drink it to the last Drop. Reflect a little,
 “I beseech you, on these Customs, and you
 “will see how, and by what means, it is im-
 “possible to cease from drinking. After this
 “manner, one shall never have done. It is a
 “perpetual Circle to drink after the *German*
 “Fashion; it is to drink for ever.— You
 “must likewise know, that the Glasses too,
 “are respected in those Countries, as much as
 “the Wine is loved; they range them all
 “about in Ranks and Files; most of their
 “Rooms are wainscotted up two Thirds of the
 “Wall, and the Glasses are ranged all about,
 “like Organ Pipes, upon the Cornish. They
 “begin with the small, and end with the large
 “ones, which are like Melon Glasses, and
 “must be taken off at one Draught, when they
 “drink any health of importance.

Let us observe here,* “That it was the
 “Custom of the antient *Greeks* to drink large-
 “ly after Meals; and, that this Custom is now
 “practised in *Germany*.” This was what
Æneas, and the People of his Train, used to
 do, as we learn from these Verses of *Virgil*.†

“*Postquam prima quies epulis, mensæque*
remotæ,

“*Crateras magnas statuunt & vina coronant.*

* Chevreana, T. 2. p. 188.

† *Æneid*. lib. 1. v. 723.

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After the Teeth had gain'd their first Repose,
The Dishes ta'en away, the Cloth remov'd,
The rich Repast gigantic Tankards close,
Replete with Wines, by nicest Tastes approv'd.

It is the same Thing with the *Armenians*, they never drink till at the End of their Meals. "After they have said Grace, the Dishes are remov'd, in order to bring in the Desert, and then they prepare themselves to drink to excess.

We come now to the *Swiss*. Here follows what *Daniel Eremita*, a very learned man, who published a description of their country, has said to them. * "They have the same simplicity in drinking, but they do not keep the same moderation. Wine is what they place their delight in, and they prefer it to all things in the world. At their assemblies, both for pleasure and business, or any other affairs, wine always makes a party; with which, when they have overloaded their stomach they discharge it, and set down to it again, and drink as they did at first. They leave the care of the Family to their Wives and Children, who live with the utmost Economy, in favour of their Husbands, who are continually at the Tavern. They talk with Glass in Hand,

* Ed. 8. p. 411.

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“ and please themselves in that Posture, to re-
“ count their *Acts* and *Gests*, and those of their
“ Ancestors, as Examples to Posterity. They
“ speak freely all they know, and know not
“ what a Secret is. In short, this way of life
“ does not only continue whole days succes-
“ sively, but all the time they live.

Nor have things now taken another aspect in *Switzerland*. The Author of a Travel, lately into that Country, tells us for certain, that “ Wine is a singular attractive, a powerful Charm, against which, the *Swiss* can “ make no manner of Resistance.*

Before I close this Chapter, I shall take notice of the *Flemings*, whom we ought to look upon as making part of *Germany*, who though they are surrounded by Water, take care never to drink any, which made *Scaliger*, when in *Holland*, say to *Douza*.

“ *In mediis habitamus aquis, quis credere possit*
“ *Et tamen hic nullæ, Douza, bibuntur aquæ.*†

Amidst the Waters here we live,
Yet who can any Credit give,
To what I say, for, *Douza*, here
No Water Drinkers e’er appear.

Guicciardin, in his Description of the low

* *Voyag. de Rouvier*, p. 89.

† De admir. *Holland*.

Countries, accuses the People of drinking too much. * *Hanno*, says he, *Poi per la maggior parte quel vizio del bere troppo*. He adds, however, "That they are in some sort excusable, "because the Air of the Country being for "the most part of the Year, humid, and apt "to inspire Melancholy, they could not, perhaps, make use of a more efficacious remedy "to expel this irksome, unwholesome Melancholy, than Wine, which, I suppose, was "Horace's Sentiment, when he said, *With Wine drive away Care*. The Words in the "Original are, *Ma sono in qualche parte scusabili, per che essendo l'aria del paese il piu del tempo humida & malinconica, non potrieno peravventura trovar instromenta piu idoneo a scacciare & battere la malinconia odiosa & mal sana che il vino, si come pare che accerni* "Horatio dicendo. *Vino pellite curas*.

But without any farther talking of the *Germans*, I shall end this Chapter with this necessary Remark, That one need not go out of *England* for Examples of hard Drinking, our Country, God bless it, does not come behind any other in this particular.

* Ed. Fol. 1567. p. 29.

CHAP. XVIII.

*Of Nations that get Drunk with certain
Liquors.*

AS every Country does not produce Wine, but according to the Poet.*

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius Uvæ.

Here Wheat, more happily there grows the Grape.

Those Nations, with whom there are no Vines, have invented other Drinks to make themselves Merry. *Pliny*† tells us, That the Western People got Drunk with certain Liquors made with Fruits; and that these Liquors have different Names in *Gaul* and *Spain*, tho' they produce the same effect.

Ammianus Marcellinus reports, That the *Gauls* having no Wine in their Country, tho' they are very fond of it, contrive a great many sorts of Liquors, which produce the same effect as Wine. *Vini avidum genus adfectans ad vini similitudinem multiplices potus.*

The *Scythians* had no Wine, as appears by

* Virgil.

† Const. & Jul. lib. 16.

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the answer of *Anacharsis*, the Philosopher, who being asked, if they had none that played on the Flute in *Scythia*, replied, that they had not so much as any Wine there. However, for all that, they got drunk with certain Liquors which had the force and strength of Wine. This also we learn from these Words of *Virgil*.

*“ Ipsi in defossis specubus, secura subaltâ
“ Otia agunt terrâ, congestaque robora to-
lasque
“ Advolvere focis ulmos, ignique dedere.
“ Hic noctem ludo ducunt, & pocula læti
“ Fermento, atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.*

Secure, in quiet ease, they dwell in Caves
Deep dug in earth, and to their chimnies roll
Whole Oaks, and Elms entire, which flames de-
vour.

Here all the night in sport and merry glee
They pass and imitate, with acid service,
By Fermentation vinous made, the Grape.

The *Thracians* intoxicate themselves by swallowing the fumes of certain herbs which they cast into the fire.

The *Babylonians*, according to *Herodotus*, used likewise to get drunk, by swallowing the fumes of certain herbs that they burned.

Strabo reports, that the *Indians* made a cer-

tain drink with Sugar Canes, which made them merry; very probably, not unlike what we now call Rum.

Benso, in his *History of America*, says the same of the inhabitants of the Island of *Hispaniola*, and several other provinces of *America*.

Pliny and *Athenæus* tell us, that the *Egyptians* fuddled themselves with a drink made of Barley; by this it seems the liquor of *Sir John Barley-Corn* is very antient.

*Leri**, in his *Voyage to Brasil*, tells us, that the inhabitants of that Country are as great drinkers as the *Germans*, *Flemings*, *Lansquenets*, *Swiss*: and all those merry gentlemen who love carousing, and drink *supernaculum*, ought to agree, that they are even with them. Their drink is made of certain roots, which they boil and ferment, and is then called by them in their language *Ca-ou-in*. The Author adds, "That he has seen them not only drink three days and nights successively without ceasing, but that they were so very drunk, that they could swallow no more till they had disgorged, which was in order to begin again.

"There †grows in the *Eastern Countries* certain particular drugs, with which the inhabitants are wonderfully delighted, and

* P. 126. Ed. 1594.

† L'Emer. des Alim. part 3. ch. 2.

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“ which produce a kind of drunkenness, or
“ agreeable folly, which continues some time.
“ They are so much accustomed to the use of
“ these drugs, by a long habit, that they im-
“ agine that life must be very sad and unhappy
“ without them. The *Indians* and *Persians* have
“ their *Bangué*, the *Egyptians* their *Bola*, and
“ the *Turks* their *Opium*.”

In relation to the *Persians*, *Tavernier** has these words, *viz.* “ They have a sort of drink
“ to divert and make themselves merry, which
“ they call *Kokemaar*, made of Poppy seeds
“ boiled. They drink it scalding hot; and
“ there are particular houses, called *Kokemaar*
“ *Kronè*, where people meet, and give a great
“ deal of pleasure and delight to those who see
“ the ridiculous postures which this kind of
“ liquor makes them perform. Before it ope-
“ rates they quarrel with one another, and give
“ abusive language, without coming to blows;
“ afterwards, when the drug *begins* to have its
“ effect, then they also *begin* to make peace.
“ One compliments in a very high degree, ano-
“ ther tells stories, but all are extremely ridi-
“ culous both in their words and actions.”
And after having spoken of other liquors that
they make use of, he adds, “ It is difficult to find
“ in *Persia* a man that is not addicted to some

* T. 1. lib. 5, ch. 17.

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“ one of these liquors, without which they think
“ they cannot live but very unpleasantly.”

I take no notice here of that admirable drink called *Punch* with us; nor *Juniper* water (vulgarily called *Genevia*, a corruption from the *French* word *Genevre*, which signifies the same thing) nor that dram called *All Fours*, which have such wonderful effects on the wretched commonalty.

CHAP. XIX.

Other Considerations in favour of Drunkenness.

DRUNKENNESS will (and ought to do so) appear excusable to People the most sober, if they would but make these two Reflections following, *viz.*

I. That Drunkards are not generally given to Lewdness.

“ *Aristotle* says, that too much Drinking makes one very improper for the Acts of *Venus*, and gives his reasons. *Athenæus* reports the same thing in that passage, where he makes mention of the Drunkenness of *Alexander* the Great, a Vice, says he, which, perhaps, was the Cause of his little Inclination for the Ladies.

*Montaigne** speaks very well on this Article, These, says he, are two Things which vigorously oppose each other; this weakens our Stomach on one Hand; whereas, on the other, Sobriety serves to make us more quaint and delicate in the Exercise of Love.

Ovid† says much the same Thing.

* *Essais*, l. 2, ch. 2.

† *Do Remed. Amor.*

" Vina parant animum veneri, nisi plurima sumas,

" Ut stupeant multo corda sepulta mero.

Wine, not too much, inspires, and makes the
Mind

To the soft Joys of *Venus* strong inclin'd,
Which buried in Excess, unapt to Love,
Stupidly lies, and knows not how to move.

II. *That in those Countries, where they do not drink to excess, they are very much addicted to debauchery.*

It is certain, that in hot Countries, they drink a great deal less, than they do in cold, but in lieu of that, Lewdness reigns much more. *Montaigne*,* after having observed, that they began to drink less than they used to do, adds, "Does any one think it tends to Amendment? No, indeed, but, perhaps, we are much more given to Whoring, than our Forefathers."

This puts me in mind of an *Italian*, who having reproached a *German*, with the Drunkenness of his Country, by these Verses, viz.

" Germani multos possunt tolerare labores

" O utinam possint tam tolerare sitim.

* *Essais*, l. 1, ch. 2.

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The *Germans* (patient) toil, inur'd to pain,
O could they but their Thirst so well sustain!

The *German* answered him *extempore*, in
these other two.

*"Ut nos vitis amor, sic vos Venus improba
vexat*

"Est data lex Veneri, Julia, nulla mero.

As we love Wine, so wicked *Venus* you,
'Twas *this*, not *that*, the *Julian* Edict knew.

In order to draw a Consequence from all
this, let us speak once more of *Montaigne*,*
whose Words are, "And if we cannot give
"any Pleasure, but what costs us something,
"as the Antients maintain, I find this Vice
"costs the Conscience less than all the rest,
"besides, it is in this respect, no despicable
"consideration, that a Man advanced in ho-
"nours, amongst three principal conveniencies
"of Life, that he told me, he yet enjoy'd, he
"reckoned this for one.

After having shewn in the foregoing Chap-
ters, that Drunkenness reigns all the World
over, *Nulla in parte mundi cessat Ebrietas*.
Let us see what we may hence infer in its fa-
vour: And I ask, if the Agreement of so many
different Nations, to do one and the same thing,

* *Essais*, liv. 2. ch. 2.

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proves nothing, and may not, in some measure, serve as an Apology for Drunkenness! For if one considers, that the surprising variety of the Humour and Temperament of Men, do, notwithstanding, in no wise hinder them from agreeing unanimously in this Point, one shall have a very strong Temptation to believe, that the desire of getting Drunk, is an *innate* Quality, and we shall be confirmed in this Sentiment, after tasting experimentally, the exquisite sweetness, caused by Drunkenness.

To conclude,

All drink, throughout the Universe, 'tis plain,
The Moon drinks up the Sea, the Earth the
Rain,

The Sun the Air, and ev'ry Tree, we know
The Earth's prolific Juice imbibes to grow.
The Air sups up the Water too, 'tis said,
Why then, my dearest Friends, d'ye plague
my Head,

And angry grow, because, dry Soul,* I swill
New Wine, Drink fit for Gods, and quaff my
fill.

* Anima mea non potest habitare in sicco. *S. Aug.*

CHAP. XX.

An Answer to the Objection, that Drunkenness causes infinite Evils.

AFTER having specified the good Qualities of Drunkenness, let us now answer some frivolous Objections, that may be made against what we have here advanced. For Example, People will not be wanting immediately to object, that Drunkenness has been the cause of infinite Evils.

To this I answer, that it has been only the cause of these Evils, when People have pushed it too far, and not observed the Rules they ought to keep in Drinking, and which we shall see here prescribed by and by. For where do we find, that any one of so many grave Philosophers, that used to get drunk, made any Disorders? It was for this reason, that *Chrisippus's* Maid said, that *her Master was drunk in the Hams*. And 'twas on this very account, perhaps, that the Stoics said of their Sage, "That he was, indeed, to be overcome with Wine, but would not, however, be drunk, *Vino obrutum iri non ebrium tamen futurum*."

On the other hand, without being willing to

excuse those Disorders which Drunkenness has been the cause of, one may say, nevertheless, that some of these disorders have produced effects highly advantageous. "Suppose, for example, that *Lot* had not got drunk, and his two Daughters had not been possessed with the furious desire of having Children, and the fear of dying Maids, you ruin, by this means, whole Families, who bore a great part in the wonderful events of the Children of *Israel*.*

Their High Mightinesses the States of *Holland*, have eternal obligations to Drunkenness, since to this they owe, in some sort, the establishment of their Republic, which was after this manner, according to *Strada*. †The same day that *Brederode*, accompanied by above two hundred Gentlemen, had presented that famous Petition to *Margaret* of *Parma*, who then governed the *Netherlands*, he gave a magnificent Entertainment in the House of the Court of *Culenbourg*, there was no want of Drinking; and as they saw the Count of *Hoocstrate*, who by chance passed that way, they began, with a great deal of Joy, to give one another the Name of *Gueux*;‡ upon which, taking each of

* Lett. 16. sur la Crit. du Calvin.

† *Strada de Bello Belgico*, Part 1. lib. 5.

‡ The French word for Beggars.

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them altogether great Glasses in their Hands, they made Vows and Oaths to each other, by the Name of *Gueux*, and cried out with one Voice and general Applause, *Long Live the Gueux*. After which, they promised mutual Fidelity; and the Prince of *Orange*, and the Counts of *Egmont* and *Horn*, coming to them, they began to drink again, and with great Acclamation, renewed Vows and Wishes with these new Comers, as they had already done, for the *Gueux*. At last, in the heat of Wine, they took those vigorous Resolutions, the effects of which were afterwards seen, which was the Liberty of the *United Provinces*.

CHAP. XXI.

*An Answer to the Objection, that the Mirth
which Wine inspires, is chimerical.*

IT will be objected, without doubt, that the Mirth which Wine inspires, is imaginary, and without any Foundation, and that, as *Boileau* has it.

*“ Rien n'est beau que le vrai. Le vrai seul est
amiable.*

Nothing so beautiful as what is true,
That it is only lovely is its Due.

I very willingly own, that this Joy and Mirth is nothing else than the effect of our Imagination.

Full well I'm satisfied 'tis nothing all
But a deceitful Hope, less solid far,
A thousand times, than is the moving Sand;
But are not all Things so with wretched Man?
All Things soon pass away like rapid Streams
Which hasten to the Sea, where lost for ever
In th' Ocean's vast Abyss unknown they lie.
Our wisest Wishes and Desires are vain,
Abstracted Vanities, gay painted Bubbles,

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That break when touch'd and vanish into Air.
Love, Wisdom, Knowledge, Riches, Phantoms
all.

But before we thoroughly refute this Objection, I shall observe by the Way, That Errors and Illusions are necessary to the World. * " In general, indeed, it is true to say, that " the World, as it is now, cannot keep itself " in the same Condition, were not Men full of " a Thousand false Prejudices, and unreason- " able Passions; and if Philosophy went about " to make Men act according to the clear and " distinct Ideas of Reason, we might, perhaps, " be satisfied, that Mankind would quickly be " at an end. Errors, Passions, Prejudices, " and a hundred other the like Faults, are as " a necessary Evil to the World. Men would " be worth nothing for this World, were they " cured, and the greatest part of the things " which now take up our Time, would be use- " less, as *Quintilian* well knew, namely, Elo- " quence.

Things are in this condition, and will not easily change, and we may wait long enough for such a happy Revolution, before we shall be able to say with *Virgil*.

" *Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.*

* Lett. 16. sur la Crit. de Calvin, p. 516.

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A Series long of Ages now appear.
Entirely new to Man, before unknown.

On the other Hand, * “ If you take away
“ from Man, every thing that is chimerical,
“ what pleasure will you leave him? Pleasures
“ are not things so solid, as to permit us to
“ search them to the bottom; one must only
“ just touch them and away. They resemble
“ boggy and moorish Ground, we must run
“ lightly over them, without ever letting our
“ Feet make the least Impression.

No, wheresoe’er we turn our wishing Eye,
True Pleasures never can our Souls enjoy.

Let us add, † “ That if we did not help to
“ deceive ourselves, we should never enjoy any
“ pleasure at all. The most agreeable things
“ in this World are, in the bottom, so trivial,
“ that they would not much affect us, if we
“ made but ever so little serious Reflection upon
“ them. Pleasures are not made to be strictly
“ examined into, and we are obliged every day
“ to pass over a great many things in them,
“ about which it would not be proper to make
“ one self uneasy.

Besides, ‡ “ Is not the illusion we enjoy as

* Fontenelle Dial. d’Elisab. & du d’Alençon.

† ——— Dial. des Morts de Callirh. & de Paulin.

‡ Nov. Dial. des Dieux, p. 68.

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“valuable as the good we possess! M. Fontenelle, makes a very excellent observation
“hereupon, in these Verses.*

“*Souvent en s'attachant a des fantômes vains*
“*Notre raison seduite avec plaisir s'egare.*
“*Elle-même jouit l'objets qu'elle a fenits.*
“*Et cette illusion pour quelque tems repare*
“*Le defunt des vrais biens que la nature*
“*avare*
“*N'a pas accordez aux humains.*

Often enchanted by the 'luring Charms
Of Phantoms gay, our reason all seduc'd,
With pleasure roams thro' endless Desarts wild,
Enjoys the objects which herself has form'd.
And this illusion for some time repairs
The want of real Joys, which niggard Nature
Never has granted to unhappy Man.

“Enjoyment, says *Montaigne*,† and Possession, belong principally to Imagination, which
“embraces more eagerly that which it is in
“pursuit of, than that which we have in our
“power.

And certainly, one may pronounce them happy, who thus amuse themselves, and believe themselves to be so. And indeed, when a man is so far gone in this perswasion, every thing

* Poesies Pastor.

† Essais, lib. 3. ch. 9.

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that is alleged to the contrary, is rejected as a fable.

But to shew at present, the reality, if one may say so, of mere illusion, we need go no farther than the Poets, who are certainly the happiest mortals living in that respect.

To instance no more, there's Mr. ———, who would fain be a Rhimer, and that's his folly; but tho' the poor man for his insipid Verses, and improper Epithets, richly deserves our pity, yet is he wonderfully pleased with his Performances, and with a great deal of tranquillity mounts up *Parnassus*, in his own conceit, in loftier tracts than *Virgil* or *Theocritus* ever knew. But alas! what would become of him, if some audacious person should dare unbind his eyes, and make him see his weak and graceless lines, which, however smoothly they may run, are at best, but exquisitely dull; contain terms that have no meaning in them, and have no other ornament, but unintelligible Jingle, and initial Letters? How would he curse the day which deprived his senseless Soul of that happy Error that so much charmed his thoughts, and amused his imagination?

What is here said of the Poets, is applicable to all mankind; and so a man, whom any one should undertake to persuade, that the mirth and joy inspired by Wine, is chimerical, would do well to answer him, after the manner a cer-

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tain Mad-man did the Doctor that cured him.
The Story is this.

Once upon a time, a certain *Bigot*, otherwise a man of Sense, had his Brain a little touched with Whimsies, and continually fancied he heard the heavenly Musick of the blessed Spirits. At last a Physician, very expert in his Profession, cured him, either by his skill, or by chance, no matter which; but when he came to demand his Fees; for what! says the other in a violent passion, by your damned Slip-Slops, and hellish Art, you have robbed me of my Paradise, tho' you have cured me of my Error. This I borrow from *Boileau*,* as he did from *Horace*.†

“ ‡ There are, says *Pere Bouhours*, writing “ to *Bussi Rabutin*, agreeable Errors, which “ are much more valuable than that which the “ *Spaniards* call *Desengano*, and which might, “ be called in our Language *Disabusement*, if “ this Word, which one of our best Writers “ has ventured upon, had been received.”

We shall conclude with *M. de Sacy*,§ “ That “ it is not always doing Mankind an agreeable “ Service to dissipate their Illusions.” And we say of those who taste those satisfactions

* Satire 4. M. le Vayer.

† Lib. 2. Ep. 2.

‡ Lett de Rab. T. 3. Lett. 63.

§ De l'Amitié, p. 2.

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Wine inpires, what M. *Bayle* says very pleasantly of News-Mongers, who are still in hopes of what they wish for. "They are,* says he, "the least unhappy, whatever happens. There "is a great deal of Reality in their agreeable "Sentiments, how chimerical soever their "Foundation may be; so that they do not willingly suffer themselves to be disabused, and "they sometimes say, when one gives them "Reasons why they should believe the News "that makes them so joyful, is doubtful, or absolutely false. *Why do you envy us the Pleasures we enjoy? Do not disturb our Entertainment, or rob us of what we hold most dear.* A Friend more opposite to Error than "Charity, is a very troublesome Reasoner; and "if he meddles with their Chimeras they'll endeavour to do him a Diskindness.

We come now to another Objection, and that is, That this joy inspired by Wine is but of a very short Continuance; and the Pleasure one tastes in so short a space, dearly repaid with a long and tedious Uneasiness. *Ebrietas unius horæ hilarem insaniam longo temporis tedio pensat.*

I own that it is a very great misery, that our Pleasures are so short; and the shorter too, the more exquisite they are. And, perhaps, this

* Rep. aux quest. d'un Prov. T. 1. ch. 20.

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may be a kindness to us, since some are so superlatively so, that should they continue a much longer space, mankind could not support themselves under these Ecstacies. But be this as it will, can we make them otherwise than they are? We must therefore have Patience, and take them as we find them. In short, there is no present happiness in the World; all we can do, is to be contented with the present, not uneasy at what's to come, but sweeten with an Equality of Soul, the bitter Miseries of Human Life.

CHAP. XXII.

An answer to the Objection, that one loses one's Reason in getting Drunk.

IT is objected here, that Reason ought to be the motive of all our Actions; and, of consequence, that we ought not voluntarily to lose it.

To this Objection, I answer several ways.

First and foremost then, I say, People do well to talk to us so much of Reason, when almost all Mankind acts without Reason, so that it may pass for a thing that has no manner of Existence, but in the Imagination. We shall prove this from M. Bayle. * “We are defined, says he, *a reasonable Animal*. A very fine definition indeed, when none of us do any thing but without Reason. I assure you, Sir, that one may say of Reason, what *Euripides* said in the beginning of one of his Tragedies, and which afterwards was corrected, on account of the Murmurings of the People. *O Jupiter, For of thee I know nothing but only the Name!* In relation to the Faculty, I am talking of, we know nothing more of it than that, so that we may well

* Lett. 22. sur la Crit. du Calv. p. 756.

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“ laugh at the Complaints of that Heathen
“ Philosopher, who found that Reason was a
“ very troublesome present sent to us by the
“ Gods, for our Ruin; for he supposed, that
“ Reason busied herself in our Affairs, whereas,
“ the truth of it is, she never meddles in the
“ least with them. We act nothing but with
“ Prejudice, by Instinct, by Self-love, and the
“ sudden starts of a Thousand Passions, which
“ drag and turn our Reason as they will, in-
“ somuch, that one may most justly define the
“ principle which rules and domineers over us,
“ *A Mass of Prejudices and Passions, which*
“ *knows how to draw Consequences.* I remem-
“ ber to have seen a Mau, who, having never
“ heard mention made of the *Cotta* of Cicero,
“ said nevertheless, as well as he, that it would
“ have been much better, that God had not
“ made us reasonable, since Reason poisons
“ all our Affairs, and makes us ingenious to
“ afflict ourselves, upon which a certain Person
“ said to him in Raillery, *That he had what he*
“ *desired; that he had received so small a*
“ *Share of Reason, that it was not worth his*
“ *while to complain.* For my part, I turned
“ the thing otherwise, that People were much
“ in the wrong, to murmur against Reason,
“ since it is not that which guides us; and
“ that it is not too possible it should, without
“ overthrowing the Order which has reigned

“so long in the World. The learned *Erasmus*,
 “continued I, deserves the highest praise in
 “this respect; he has written, *The Praise of*
 “*Folly*, wherein he shows, that she sheds
 “every where her Influence, and without her,
 “the whole World would in a short time, be
 “turned topsy turvy. I make no doubt, Sir,
 “but you know the merit of that work. The
 “Author speaks, tho’ in a merry manner, the
 “greatest truths in the world; and I do not
 “know, whether he believed himself as profound
 “a philosopher as he really was, in that inge-
 “nious Satire.

Secondly, This is not all, * “It is sometimes
 “necessary, for the general good of the world,
 “to follow prejudices, popular errors, and the
 “blind instincts of Nature, rather than the dis-
 “tinct ideas of Reason.” Mr. *Bayle* extends
 himself farther on this idea in another place,
 which I shall here insert † “Errors,” says he,
 “irregular passions, and unreasonable prejudi-
 “ces, are so necessary to the world, to make it a
 “theatre of that prodigious diversity of events
 “which make one admire his providence. So
 “that he who would reduce men to do nothing
 “but according to the distinct ideas of *Reason*,
 “would ruin civil society. If man was reduced

* Lett. sur la Crit. du Calv. Lett. 16. p. 504.

† Ibid. p. 535.

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“to this condition, he would have no longer
“any desire of glory; and having no longer
“that desire, is it not true, that then mankind
“would be like ice? I say, he would have no
“desire of glory, for right reason shews us,
“that we should not make our happiness de-
“pend on the judgment of other men; and con-
“sequently, that we should not toil and fatigue
“ourselves, to make other people say this, or
“that, of us—— The earnest desire of be-
“ing praised after death, is an instinct of mo-
“rality that God has impressed in the mind of
“man, to keep up society. And it is certain,
“that earnest desire has been the cause of the
“greatest events; and this ought to instruct us,
“that the world stands in need of a great many
“instincts, which, examined according to the
“ideas of our reason, are ridiculous and absurd.
“For there is nothing so opposite to reason, as
“to torment ourselves in this life, that we may
“be praised after we are dead, since neither
“philosophy, nor experience, nor faith, nor
“any thing whatsoever, makes it appear, that
“the praises given us after death can do us any
“good. It would be a thing uneasy to the
“heart of man, if we did nothing but according
“to the light of reason; and how many designs
“would come to nothing at the same time?

Thirdly, besides, Reason very often serves for
nothing but to make us wretched. “The hap-

“piness of men is never the work of Reason.” Of all our Evils Reason is often the worst; it frightens us in the full Career of our Pleasures, and with importunate Remorses comes to bridle our fleet desires. The horrid Thing reserves for us most cruel and matchless Rigors. ’Tis like a troublesome Pedant one is forced to hear, who always growls, but never touches us, and frequently like D——, and such like venerable impertinents, lose the time they employ in Predication.

“* If there be any happiness, says *Fontenelle*, that Reason produces, it is like that sort of Health which cannot be maintained but by the Force of Physic, and which is ever most feeble and uncertain.” And in another Place he cries out,† “Can we not have found Sight without being at the same time wretched and uneasy? Is there any thing gay but Error? And is Reason made for any thing else but to torment and kill us?” ‡ “What Cause have not Men to bewail their wretched Condition? Nature furnishes them but with a very few things that are agreeable, and their Reason teaches them how to enjoy them yet less.” § “And, why has Nature in giv-

* Dial. de M. Stuart. & P. Riccio.

† Dial. de Parmen. & de Theb.

‡ Dial. de Alexand. — Phryne.

§ Nouv. Dial. des Dieux, p. 99.

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“ing us Passions which are sufficient to make
“us happy, given us Reason, that will not suf-
“fer us to be so!

’Twas this same troublesome Reason that
made *Sophocles* say, “* It is very sweet to live,
“but none of your Wisdom, away with her,
“she spoils Life.

Vaunt less thy Reason, O unhappy Man!
Behold how useless is this gift celestial,
For which, they say, thou should’st the rest dis-
dain.

Feeble as thou wert in thy infant Days,
Like thee she moved, she totter’d, and was
weak.

When Age mature arriv’d, and call’d to Plea-
sures,

Slave to thy Sense, she still was so to thee,
When fifty Winters, Fate had let thee count;
Pregnant with thousand cares and worlds of
woes,

The hateful issue in thy breast she threw,
And now grown old thou loosest her for ever.

Before I end this chapter, let every body take
notice, that if for having spoken so much against
reason, any one should say that it is a plain
sign the Author has none; and that there are a

* *Moriæ* Encom.

great many others, who, in the words of M.
*La Motte** will be apt to say,

*“ Heureux cent fois l’Auteur avec qui l’on
s’oublie*

“ Qui nous offre un charmant poison,

“ Et nous associant a sa douce folie

“ Nous affranchit de la raison.

Happy the Author whose bewitching stile

Life’s tedious minutes can beguile,

Makes us, with him, forget uneasy care,

And not remember what we are.

Who by a charm, which no one can withstand,

Enchanting poison can command,

Can make us share his pleasing foolery,

And from dull reason set us free.

And I shall not be wanting to answer in the
words of the same gentleman.

† *“ Bûveur’s briser le joug d’une raison trop
fiere*

“ Eteignez son triste flambeau

*“ D’autres enseignent l’art d’augmenter sa
lumiere*

“ Mais l’art eteindre est plus beau.

* *La Motte*, *Od. la Vania* .

† *Od. Thalia*.

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Break, jolly toppers, break th' ungrateful chain
Of reason, if she too imperious grow,
Of being disturb'd you never need complain,
If you put out her troublesome flambeau.
Others may teach the art t' increase her fires,
To put them out a finer art requires.

CHAP. XXIII.

*An Answer to the Objection, that one cannot
trust a Man that gets Drunk.*

THERE is a Proverb amongst the *Jews*,
* “*Ingrediente vino egreditur secretum.*”
As the Wine goes in, so the Secret goes out.
Seneca † makes the same objection. “As, says
“he, new Wine bursts the Vessel, and the
“Heat makes everything go upwards, so the
“force of Wine is such, that it brings to light,
“and discovers, what is most secret and hid-
“den.”

In answer to this objection, I say, that
people who are naturally Secret, are not less
so after drinking. ‡ “And *Bacchus* was not
“said to be the inventor of Wine, on account
“of the liberty of his Tongue, but because he
“freed our minds from disquiet, and makes
“them more firm and resolute in what we un-
“dertake.”

Besides, do we not see every day, people of
all Ranks, Conditions, and Characters, yet
drunk, and yet we trust them with Secrets,

* *Voyage de Rouvie*, p. 497.

† *Ep.* 83.

‡ *Seneca de Tranquill.*

and it very rarely happens they speak of them, when they are drunk. Thus, if we consult History, we shall learn from *Seneca** himself, that the design of killing *Cæsar*, was as well communicated to *Tullius Cimber*, who was a great Drinker, as to *C. Cassius*, who drank nothing but Water. And tho' *L. Piso*, Governor of *Rome*, got frequently drunk, he, notwithstanding, excellently acquitted himself of his duty. *Augustus* made no manner of difficulty to give him secret instructions, bestowing on him the Government of *Thrace*, the Conquest of which he intirely completed. *Tiberius*, before he left *Rome*, where he was generally hated, in order to retire into the *Campania*, made choice of *Costus*, who was extremely given to Wine, for Governor of that City, to whom he communicated such things as he dared not trust his own Ministers with.

* *Seneca*, Ep. 83.

CHAP. XXIV.

An Answer to the Objection, that Drunkenness makes one incapable of performing the Duties of Civil Life.

I DENY this absolutely, and to prove the contrary, I say, the *Persians* had a custom to deliberate on things the most serious, and of the greatest importance, after hard Drinking. *Tacitus* reports the same thing of the *Germans*. *Dampier* assures us, that the same custom is practised with the Inhabitants of the Isthmus *Darien*. And to go higher, one finds in *Homer*, that during the Siege of *Troy*, the *Greeks*, in Council, did eat and drink heartily. An evident proof, that this objection is contrary to experience. But to go farther, this same experience made the *Antients* look on those who could carry a great deal of Wine, as persons of a Genius, very much superior to those who could not drink at all. On this account it was, that *Cyrus*, in writing to the *Lacedemonians*, the reasons which rendered him more capable of Government, than his Brother, amongst other things, takes Notice, that he could drink more Wine than he. And so many fine productions, for which we are obliged to the

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Drunkenness of the Poets, make it evidently appear, that Wine, far from rendering us incapable of doing any thing that is good, rather helps and incites us to it. This important truth, we shall confirm by several examples.

Plutarch relates, that *Philip* King of *Macedon*, after having conquered the *Athenians*, made a Feast, at which he got drunk; and that all proud with that happy success, he nevertheless did a great many things intirely ridiculous; but being informed that the Ambassadors, that the *Athenians* sent to him to desire Peace, wished to see him, he changed his Countenance all of a sudden, and having heard their Proposals with all possible attention, answered them with a great deal of Justice.

The Emperor *Bonosus*, who *Amelian* said was born not to live, but to drink, acted always with greater Prudence after drinking, says *Flavius Vopiscus*, after *Onesimus*.*

We have taken notice, in the foregoing Chapter, that *L. Piso*, Governor of *Rome*, tho' he was often drunk, acquitted himself, notwithstanding, punctually of his duty.

†*Christiern*, the 4th King of *Denmark*, drank like a Templer, and never King was more

* *Flav. Vopisc. in vita Bonos.*

† *Amel. de la Housai sur Tacit. Ann. Liv. 11. ch. 35.*

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laborious, a greater Lover of his Subjects, or more beloved by them.

* *Scaliger* says, That a *German* has as much reason when he is drunk, as when he has drank nothing. *Non minus sapit Germanus ebrius quam sobrius.*

† *Montaigne* speaks in his Essays, of a great Lord of his time, who, tho' he drank every day, a prodigious quantity of Wine, was, nevertheless, equally careful in his affairs. According to which, that which *Cicero* says, is not generally true, viz. "that one must never expect prudence from a Man that is always drunk." *Nec enim ab homine nunquam sobrio postulanda prudentia.*‡

Another Proof that Drunkenness does not render us incapable of doing any thing that is good, is, that it inspires People with Courage, and even makes the Coward valiant. *Ad prelia trudit inertem.* Experience confirms this Truth. "We see, says *Montaigne*,§ that our *Germans*, tho' drowned in Wine, remember their Post, the Word, and their Rank.

We read in *Spartien*, that a certain General, having been vanquished by the *Saracens*,

* *Scaligeriana*, p. 169.

† *L. 2. ch. 2.*

‡ *Orat. 2. Philip.*

§ *Essais, 1. 2. ch. 2.*

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his Soldiers laid all the blame of their Defeat on their want of Wine.

The Soldiers of the Army of *Pescennius Niger*, pressed earnestly for Wine, undoubtedly to make them fight the better; but he refused them in these Words, *You have the Nile*, said he, *and do you ask for Wine?* In imitation, I suppose, of the Emperor *Augustus*,* who, when the People complained of the dearth and scarcity of Wine, said to them, *My Son-in Law Agrippa, has preserved you from Thirst, by the Canals he has made for you.*

By what has been said, it plainly appears, that Wine is so far from hindering a Man from performing the Duties of Life, that it rather forwards him, and is an admirable ingredient in all States and Conditions, both of Peace and War, which made *Horace*† thus bespeak the God of Wine.

“ Quamquam choreis aptior & jocis

“ Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus

“ Pugnis ferebaris, sed idem

“ Pacis eras mediusque Belli.

Tho' thou more apt for Love than furious War,
And gay Desires to move, thy chiefest Care,
Yet War, and sweetest pleasures, you can join,
Both *Mars* and *Venus* are Devotes to Wine.

* Sueton. in Vit. August.

† Lib. 2. Od. 19.

CHAP. XXV.

*Burlesque, ridiculous, and out-of-the-Way
Thoughts, against Drunkenness.*

IT is reported, that *Gerson* should say, that there was no difference between a Man's killing himself at one Stroke, or to procure Death by several, in getting Drunk.

Some body has burlesqued this Verse of *Ovid*,*

Vina parant animos, faciuntque coloribus aptos.

And thus changed it.

Vina parant asinos, faciuntque furoribus aptos.

† *Cyneas* alluding to those high Trees, to which they used to fasten the Vines, said one Day, discoursing on Wine, that it was not without reason, that his Mother was hanged upon so high a Gibbet.

‡ “The diversion that People took heretofore, in making one another drunk, appeared more heinous to *St. Augustine*, than an Assassination, for he maintained, that those

* *Sphinx Theol.* p. 682.

† *Diver. cur. T. 1.* p. 141.

‡ *Rep. des Lett.* Jan. 1687. Art. 1.

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“ who made any one drunk, did him greater
“ injury, than if they had given him a Stab
“ with a Dagger.

* “ A *Greek* Physician wrote once a Letter
“ to *Alexander*, in which he begged him to
“ remember, that every time that he drank
“ Wine, he drank *the pure Blood of the Earth*,
“ and that he must not abuse it.

† “ Some Poets say, that it was the Blood
“ of the Gods, wounded in their Battle with
“ the Giants.

‡ “ The *Severians* in St. *Epiphanius*, hold,
“ that it was engendered by a Serpent, and it
“ is for that reason that the Vine is so strong.
“ And the *Encratites*, in the same Author,
“ imagine to themselves, that it was the Gall
“ of the Devil.

§ “ *Noah* in an hour of drunkenness, says
“ St. *Jerom*, let his body be seen naked, which
“ he had kept covered for six hundred years.”

* Androcydes.

† Entret. de Voiture, & de Costar, Lett. 29.

‡ Lib. 1. Heres. 47.

§ Ep. ad Occan.

CHAP. XXVI.

A ridiculous Aversion that some have to Wine.

AN aversion to Wine is a thing not very common; and there are but a very few but will say with *Catullus*.

“ At vos quo lubet, hinc abite lymphæ

“ Vini perniciēs.

Pernicious Water, bane to Wine, begone.

One should certainly be very much in the wrong to put in the number of those who had an Aversion to Wine, the Duke of *Clarence*. His Brother *Edward* the Fourth, prejudiced with the Predictions of *Merlin*, as if they foretold, that one Day, that Duke should usurp the Crown from his Children, resolved to put him to Death, he only gave him the liberty to chuse what Death he would die of. The Duke being willing to die a merry Death, chose to be drowned in a *Butt* of *Malmesey*. Not unlike him on whom this Epigram was made.

*“ * In cyathō vini pleno cum musca periret,*

“ Sic ait Oeneus, sponte perire velim.

* Rem. sur Rabel. T. 4. ch. 93.

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In a full Glass of Wine expir'd a Fly,
So, said *Oeneus*, would I freely die.

But let us come in earnest to those who have really had an Antipathy to Wine. *Herbelet*,* in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, says, that there are some *Mussulmans* so superstitious, that they will not call Wine by its true Name, which is *Schamr* and *Nedibh*; and that there are some Princes amongst them that have forbidden the mentioning of it, by express Laws. The Reason of all this is, the Prohibition of *Mahomet* to his Followers, which enjoyns them not to drink Wine. The occasion of which Prohibition is as follows. “† They say, that passing “one day thro’ a Village, and seeing the People “in the Mirth of Wine embracing and kissing “one another, and making a Thousand Protes- “tations of Friendship, he was so charmed with “the Sight, that he blest the Wine as the best “thing in the World. But that, at his return, “observing the same place full of Blood, and “having been informed, that the same Men “whom he had seen before so merry, had, at “last changed their mirth into rage, and been “fighting with their swords, he recalled his “benediction, and cursed wine for ever, on ac- “count of the bad effects it produced.”

* Page 777.

† Du Mont. Voyag. T. 3. Let. 5.

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It is one of the chief Commandments amongst the *Siameze*, to drink no wine, nor any liquor that will procure drunkenness.*

† “Drunkenness is detested in most parts of hot Countries. It is looked upon there as infamous. The greatest affront you can give a *Spaniard*, is to call him Drunkard. I have been assured, continues *M. Bayle*, a Servant, if his master should call him so, might bring his Action at Law against him, and recover damages, tho’ any other name he’ll suffer very patiently, and without any right of complaint of being injured in his reputation, as Rogue, Hang-dog, B——, &c.”

Empedocles, we may well conclude, loved not wine, which he called, *Water putrified in Wood*.

‡ Amongst the *Locrians*, *Seleucus* had such an aversion to wine, that he forbade any one to drink it under pain of Death, or even give it to the sick.

Apollonius Thyanæus never drank any Wine, no more than *St. Fulgentius*, Bishop, *S. Stephen* King of *Poland*, and Cardinal *Emeri*.

§ “The *Severians*, Disciples of *Severus*, in the time of Pope *Sotherus*, condemned absolutely Wine, as a creature of the Devil.”

* Chaumont Voyag. de Siam.

† Bayle Dict. T. 2. p. 1266.

‡ Ælian, lib. 2. ch. 33.

§ Du Mont. Voyag. T. 3. Lit. 5.

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* The Emperor *Frederic* the Third, seeing his Wife barren, consulted the Physicians upon the case, who told him, that if the Empress would drink wine she might be fruitful. But he told them, like a simpleton as he was, that he had rather his Wife should be barren and sober, than be fruitful and drink Wine. And the Empress being informed of the wise answer of the Imperial Ninny-Hammer her Husband, said full as wisely, that if she was to be put to her choice, to drink Wine or die she should make no manner of hesitation, but prefer death.

De nimia Sapientia libera nos Domine.

* Rec. choise d'Hist.

CHAP. XXVII.

Rigorous Laws against Wine and Drunkenness.

IT is easy to imagine, that Princes, who did not love Wine themselves, would make very rigorous Laws against Drunkenness, and fall into that Fault which *Horace* speaks of.

Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt.

But this Maxim, *Nullum violentum durabile*, has been verified a great many times, upon this subject of Drunkenness, for all the Laws made against it have not long subsisted.

**Pentheus*, King of *Thebes*, endeavored to extirpate entirely the Custom of getting Drunk, but he did not find his Account in it, for he was very ill treated by his Subjects for his pains.

† *Lycurgus*, King of *Thrace*, commanded all the Vines of the Country to be cut up, for which he was justly punished by *Bacchus*. He also made Laws against Drunkenness, which one may reckon amongst the bad ones that he instituted, As,

* *Sphinx Theol.* 669.

† *Hist.* 7 *Sap.*

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- I. *The using Women in common.*
- II. *The Nudity of young Women in certain solemn Festivals.*

* “ *Pittacus*, one of the wise Men of Greece, commanded, that he who committed a fault, when he was drunk, should suffer double Punishment. And amongst the Laws of *Solon*, there was one, which condemned to Death the chief Magistrate, if he got Drunk. Amongst the *Indians*, who only just touch Wine in the Ceremonies of their Sacrifices, the Law commands, that the Women who killed one of their Kings, should get drunk, and marry his Successor.

† The *Athenians* had also very severe Laws against those that should get drunk; but one may say, these Laws resembled those of *Draco*, which were written rather with Blood than Ink.

We come now to the *Turks*. Sir *Paul Ricaut*,‡ tells us several particulars on this Head. *Amurath*, says he, resolved in the Year 1634, to forbid entirely the use of Wine. He put out a severe Edict, which commanded all the Houses where they sold Wine to be razed, the Barrels where ever they should be found, to be staved, and the Wine to be let

* Chevreana, T. 1. p. 217.

† Hist. 7 Sep.

‡ See his Turkish Hist.

out into the Streets. And that he might truly be satisfied his orders were obeyed, he frequently disguised himself, and walked in that manner about the City; and when he found any one carrying wine, he sent him to prison, and had him bastinadoed almost to death. One day he met in the streets a poor deaf man, who not hearing the noise usually made at the approach of the Sultan, did not soon enough avoid a Prince whose presence was so fatal. This negligence cost him his life. He was strangled by order of the Grand Seignior, who commanded his body to be cast into the Street. But this great severity did not last long, and all things returned to their former condition.

However, matters took again another turn under the Reign of *Mahomet* the IVth. who in 1670 resolved to forbid all the Soldiery the use of Wine. The terrible seditions that liquor had formerly raised were remembered, and especially, that which happened under *Mahomet* the Third, who had his *Seraglio* forced by a great multitude of Soldiers full of Wine, and whose fury he could not free himself from, but by sacrificing his principal favourites. An Edict was published, to prohibit entirely the use of Wine, and to command all those who had any in their houses, to send it out of Town. The same extended all over the empire. The Sultan condemned to Death those who should

violate this decree, in which he spoke of Wine as a liquor infernal, invented by the Devil to destroy the Souls of Men, to disturb their reason, and put States into combustion. This was rigorously put in execution, and to that extremity, that it cost the Ambassador of *England*, and the Christian Merchants of *Constantinople* great solicitation, and large sums of money, to get leave to make only as much wine as would suffice for their own families. At *Smyrna*, the Officers of the Grand Seignior had not the same indulgence for the Christians, who were one whole year without wine; and it was with great difficulty they got leave to import it from the Isles of the *Archipelago*, and other places, not comprized in that prohibition. For this prohibition reached only those places where there were *Mosques*. Besides all this, they made every *Friday* Sermons stuffed full of declamations against those who should drink it. In short, this Edict was so severe, that Wine seemed to be banished for ever the States of the Grand Seignior. But in about a year's time its severity was somewhat remitted. The Ambassadors, and other Christians had leave to make Wine within themselves, and about a year after that, the indulgence for Wine was general, the Taverns were opened, and at this day that liquor is as common as it was before.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Rules to be observed in getting Drunk. I. Not too often. II. In good Company.

TO avoid the disorders that Drunkenness might cause, here are some Rules that ought to be observed in this important affair of getting Drunk; for, according to *Pliny*, the Art of getting Drunk, has its Laws.

Hæc ars suis legibus constat.

I. The first, and principal of these, is not to get drunk too often. This is what * *Seneca* recommends very much. “ You must not, “ says he, do it often, for fear it grow into a “ Habit; ’tis but only sometimes, you should “ make your spirits gay in banishing gloomy “ sobriety.”

And if any person objects, that if one gets drunk sometimes, one shall do it often. I deny the consequence, and say in the Words of the Philosopher, an axiom held by both Universities, that

Ab actu ad habitum non valet consequentia.

* De Tranquillitate.

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II. Second Rule. One must not get drunk but in good Company. That is to say, with good Friends, people of wit, honour, and good humour, and where there is good Wine. For example, a Man in former times would have done very ill to get drunk with *Heliogabalus*, whose historian * reports, that after having made his friends drunk, he used to shut them up in an apartment, and at night let loose upon them *Lions*, *Leopards*, and *Tygers*, which always tore to pieces some of them. On the other Hand, the best Wine in the World will taste very bad in bad Company. 'Tis therefore, that *Martial* reproaches one, that he spoiled his good Wine with his silly babbling.

————— *Verbis mucida vina facis.*

* *Ælius Lamprid.* in *Vit. Heliogab.*

CHAP. XXIX.

Third Rule, *With good Wine.*

WHEN one has a mind to get drunk, one should make choice of good wine, and not drink bad, which is prejudicial to health. For example, green wine is very bad; this **Guillaume Cretin*, a great punster, has expressed in these Verses, which, I own, I am not able to put into *English*.

“ *Par ce vin verds Atropos a trop os*

“ *Des corps humains ruez envers en vers*

“ *Dont un quidam apre aux pots a propos*

“ *A fort blâmé les tours pervers en vers.*

Good wine, on the contrary, has very good effects. *Erasmus* † preserved himself from the plague, by drinking a glass of *Burgundy*, at a proper season.

You see now the efficacy of good wine, which, to be in its perfection, the adepts in the Free Schools of *Liber Pater* say, must have these four properties, and please these four senses; the taste by its savour, the smell by its flavour,

* Rem. sur Rabel. T. 3. p. 39.

† Journ. des Scav. June, 1706.

the sight by its clean and bright colour, and the ear by the fame of the Country where it grows. Old wine was looked upon to be the best by the Antients.

A beauty, when advanc'd in age,
No more her lovers can engage,
But wine, the rare advantage, knows,
It pleases more, more old it grows.

And were they never so old themselves, they would still, if possible, have the wine older than they were. *Nec cuiquam adeo longa erat vita, ut non ante se genita potaret.** Which these words of *Seneca*,† also confirm, “why at “your houses do you drink wine older than “your self? *Cur apud te vinum apud te vetustius bibitur.*”

“*De sinuessanis venerunt Massiea prælis:*
“*Condita quo quæris consule? nullus erat.*

At present, the fame of the best wine in *Europe*, is reckoned to be, that of *Monte Fiascone*, two days journey from *Rome*. Here it was a *German* Abbot killed himself by drinking too much of this delicious creature. The story is this, and it is related in *Lassell's Travels*.

A certain *German* Abbot, travelling to *Rome*,

* *Plin.*

† *De Vit. beat. ch. 17.*

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ordered his Servant to ride before him, and when he found the best wine, to chalk upon the Door of the Inn, (in order to save time) the Word *EST*. Coming to *Monte Fiascone*, he found it so excellent, that he put down, *Est, Est, Est*, which the Abbot finding true, drank so plentifully of it, that he went no farther on his journey, but lies buried, they say, in the Cathedral Church, with his Epitaph, written by his Servant, the Purveyor.

Est, Est, Est,

&

Propter nimium Est,

Herus meus Dominus Abbas

mortuus Est.

The wine called *Lachrymæ Christi*, or the *Tears of Christ*, is a most delicious wine. At least a Master of Arts of the University of *Cologne*, thought so, who going also to *Rome*, drank at the same place, pretty heartily of it, and out of the abundance of his heart, cried out,

Utinam Christus lachrymatus fuisset in nostra Patria.

I wish Christ had shed Tears in our Country.

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M. *Hofman* believes, that Rhenish wine is the best of all wines for one's health.

There grows also most excellent wines in *France*, such as *Champagne*.

* *Wenceslaus*, King of *Bohemia* and the *Romans*, being come into *France*, on account of some Negotiations with *Charles* the 6th, arrived at *Rheims*, in the Month of *March*, 1397, when he was in that City, he found the wine so good, that he got drunk more than once; and being one day in that condition, that he could not enter into any serious discourses, he rather choose to grant what was asked of him, than leave off drinking.

The wines of *Burgundy* must not be forgotten, which some prefer to *Champagne*. "*Baudius* called *Vin de Beaulne*, *Vinum Deorum* the wine of the Gods."

The wines of *Ai*, are also very excellent. *S. Evremont*† says, that *Leo* the 10th, *Charles* the 5th, *Francis* the 1st, and *Hen.* 8th, King of *England*, did not think it below their Dignity, amongst the most important affairs of State, to take care to have the wines of *Ai*. *Henry* IV. caused himself to be stiled Lord of *Ai*, and *Gonesse*.

* Journ. de Sçav. June, 1706.

† Patimana, p. 44.

‡ Lett. S. Evrem.

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But I shall desire my readers here to observe two things, First, That artificial wines, and many other liquors, containing a great deal of gross viscous matter, excite a Drunkenness, more long and dangerous, than that which is produced by ordinary wines. Another thing is, never to get drunk with Brandy, Spirits, and Strong Waters. *Patin** says very pleasantly, that these are sugar'd Poisons, which surely kill: they give life to those who sell them, and death to those who use them.

* Vign. Marvill, T. 2. p. 7.

CHAP. XXX.

Fourth Rule, *At convenient Times.*

THO' one must not get drunk every day, one may, notwithstanding, on certain occasions. One must sometimes unbend the mind.

Necum semper arcum tendit Apollo.

And when a Man puts on the air of a Philosopher, 'tis then he turns Fool in affecting to be wise.

There is a time for all things, and so there is in getting drunk, that is, getting drunk with decency and decorum; and there are some times which are not convenient to do so. As for example (for I love to illustrate what I advance) it does not suit with decorum for a Judge to be drunk on the Bench; nor a Crier in the Court exercising his Office [hiccup, ki—— Book] a Parson in the Pulpit; an Experimental Philosopher in shewing of his Gimeracks; nor a Free-Mason on the top of a Church Steeple.

But it suits very well with strict Decorum, to get drunk at a public rejoicing after a signal Victory.

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When the proud *Gaul* sustained an overthrow
By the immortal MARLBOROUGH,
Ever invincible! then you and I,
My *Thirsis*, shar'd the common joy.
Blenheim and *Rameillies* were then our song,
The Day tho' short, the Night was long,
Till both with mighty Claret glow'd,
And tipsy, to our Beds were show'd.

We may also very decently get drunk with a
Friend we have not seen a long while.

Here 'tis! — O welcome, Flask divine,
How bright does thy vermillion shine!
Thou charming native of *Dijon*,*
At thy approach my cares are flown,
Sad Melancholy is no more,
Which rack'd and plagu'd my soul before.
Whether thy influence incites,
(Sweet influence) to soft delights;
Or else doth other measures keep,
And gently urge to peaceful sleep.
O may'st thou still such streams bestow,
Still with such ruddy torrents flow.
Damon, this Bottle is your due,
And more I have in store for you,
Under the sun the faithfullest friend:
I've kept them for no other end.
Drink then a bumper, 'tis a folly,
Dear *Damon*, to be melancholy.

* *Dijon*, chief City in Burgundy.

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However rigorous the *Roman* Laws were against drunkenness, they permitted it nevertheless on their Festivals; witness what a young Man said to his Father in presence of the People.* “No, Father,” says he, “I have no reason to be ashamed for having taken a little more wine than ordinary at a feast with my companions.” *Non est res qua embescam, Pater si die festo inter æquales largiore vino fui usus.*

The *Persian* Soldiers, who otherwise lived very soberly, were permitted to get drunk once a year.†

In *Georgia*, he who did not get quite drunk at their principal Holidays, as at *Easter* and *Christmas*, was not looked upon to be a Christian, and ought to be excommunicated. ‡So that, according to this, getting drunk at certain convenient times amongst these Christians, was so far from being unlawful, that a man was not looked upon to be orthodox without he did so. Getting drunk is therefore very Orthodox.

* Tit. Liv. lib. 4. ch. 14.

† Alex. ab. Alex. lib. 2. ch. 11.

‡ Voyag. de Chard. T. 2. 129.

CHAP. XXXI.

Fifth Rule, *To force no one to drink.*

IT is very ridiculous and unreasonable to force any one to drink, because the taking away Liberty spoils Company, the Benefit of which cannot subsist without Freedom. Besides, every Man's Capacity of drinking is not the same; one shall be able to drink a Gallon, and another a Pint; the latter therefore, by drinking a Pint, has drank as much as the former when he has taken off his Gallon, because they both have drank as they can, and ——
Ferdinando —— No Man can do more than he can do. Let every Man therefore have the Liberty to drink as he pleases, without being tied up to the same laws of drinking. I am of the opinion in this matter with brother *Horace*.

—————*Prout ciuq; libide est*
Siccat inequales calices conviva solutus
Legibus insanis, seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula, seu modicis humescit lætius ——

We learn from history, that there was an ancient law amongst the *Persians*, that forbad any

one to force another to drink. The *Lacedemonians* also had that laudable custom.

Charlemagne also made a law, that prohibited forcing any one to drink.

Mr. *Bayle* reports a very pleasant revenge that M. *Peyren* gave to *Raphael Thorius*, a very learned person, who would force him to drink, which take as follows. * “M. *Peyren*, “dining at *London* with several persons of “learning, could not be discharged from drinking a health that Dr. *Thorius* toasted. The “Glass was of a prodigious size, which M. *Peyren*, for that reason, a long while refused, “and alleged a thousand reasons, but all in “vain: He must empty the Glass. Before he “did it he made this agreement with his antagonist, that he should drink a health afterwards that he should toast to him; which being consented to, he took off the Bumper, “and filled the glass full of Water, and drank “it off to the Doctor, who thereupon was “thunder-struck, but seeing he could not get “off, sighed deeply, and lifted the Glass a “thousand times to his lips, and as often drew “it back again: He called to his assistance all “the quaint sayings of the *Greek* and *Latin* “poets, and was almost the whole day drinking “that cursed Bumper.”

* Diction. p. 2875. Art. Thor.

This is not much unlike what M. *Chevreau* reports of *Marigni*, who, * “ after having dined
 “ at one of the best eating houses in *Frankfort*,
 “ with six or seven persons of quality, was call-
 “ ed to the sideboard, where one of them began
 “ the Emperor’s health. This he must drink,
 “ and as he foresaw very well, that this extra-
 “ vagance would be attended with others, he
 “ ordered three or four great pieces of bread to
 “ be brought to him, and having eaten half of
 “ one to the health of the King of *France*, he
 “ gave the other half to the other, who took it,
 “ indeed, but would not so much as put it to
 “ his mouth. The company surprised at so un-
 “ expected a novelty, let him alone without any
 “ contradiction.”

Nevertheless, one should be very diligent in observing this rule, which is, That when we find ourselves in the company of people that drink, and would not run those lengths they are going to do, to retire; and this was a standing law amongst the *Greeks* in their festivals, and ought to be as unalterable as the laws of the *Medes* and *Persians*, viz.

DRINK, OR GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.

* *Chevræana*, T. 2. p. 188.

CHAP. XXXII.

Sixth Rule. *Not to push Drunkenness too far.*

IT is certain, that to do well, we ought continually to have an eye to this maxim of *Horace*, viz. *Est modus in rebus*. And the *Ne quid nimis* of *Terence*. But especially, in this grand and most important affair of Drunkenness. *Seneca* very well distinguishes two sorts of Drunkenness, one which entirely buries our Reason; and the other, which only diverts Melancholy and Chagrin. The last we believe to be very lawful: But we would have it go farther, even so far, as not only to divert, but to drive away our cares entirely, or else not to get drunk at all. That which is between these, if any such there can be, does an injury, according to the Poet.

*Aut nulla Ebrietas, aut tanta sit ut tibi curas
Eripiat, si quæ est inter utramque nocet.*

After this manner would we have People use the Juice of the Grape; that is, to go so far, as to make our Hearts merry, gay, and sprightly, and so as to forget our cares.

It would be here useless to shew, by a great many examples, the Disorders that Drunken-

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ness has caused, when pushed too far, because it was never the intention of this work, but to divert, (as Wine was designed to do,) and make merry, I shall therefore conclude the whole with an Ode to *Bacchus*, as follows:

ODE TO BACCHUS

I.

LET'S sing the Glories of the God of Wine,
May his immortal Praise
Be the eternal Object of our Song,
And sweetest Symphonies; may ev'ry Tongue
And throat sonorous, vocal Music raise,
And ev'ry grateful Instrument combine
To celebrate, great God, thy Power Divine.
Let other Poets to the World relate,
Of *Troy*, the hard, unhappy Fate;
And in immortal Song rehearse,
Purpled with streams of Blood, the *Phrygian*
Plain;
The glorious His'try of *Achilles* slain,
And th' odious Memory of *Pelop's* Sons
revive in Verse.

II.

God of the Grape, thou potent Boy,
Thou only Object of our cordial Vows,
To thee alone I consecrate my Heart,

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Ready to follow thee in ev'ry Part:
Thy influence Sweet Mirth bestows,
For thee alone I'd live and die in Scenes of
Joy.

Thy Bounty all our Wishes still prevents;
Thy wond'rous Sweetness calms to soft Repose
Our wild Regrets and restless Woes,
And richly ev'ry craving Mind contents.
Without thee *Venus* has no Charms;
You, Constancy to am'rous Souls impart,
And Hopes bestow to each despairing Heart,

III.

But, what involuntary Transports roll,
And seize, at once, my agitated Soul!
Into what sacred Vale! what silent Wood!
(I speak not by the Vulgar understood.)
Am I, O God! O wondrous Deity!
Ravished: brimful of thy Divinity and Thee!
To my (once Infidel) believing Eyes
Bacchus unveils entire his sacred Mysteries.
Movements confus'd of Joy and Fear
Hurry me I know not where.

With boldness all Divine the God inspires;
With what a pleasing Fury am I fill'd!
Such raging Fires
Never the *Menades* in *Thracian* Caves beheld.

IV.

Descend, O Mother-Queen of Love,

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Leave a while the realms above;
With your gay presence grace the Feast
Of that great God, who bears a boundless Sway,
Who conquer'd Climates where first rose the
Day.

Descend, O Mother-Queen of Love,
At rich Repasts an ever welcome guest;
But O —, too long you stay,
Already young *Amyntor* brisk and gay
His lovely *Doris* o'er the plain pursues:
The sparkling Juice at *Sylvan* Nymphs com-
mand
Richly distills from their ambrosial Hand,
And old *Silenus* copiously bedews.

V.

Hence, ye profane,
I hate ye all, fly, quit the Field,
My ready Soul gives way
To those gay Movements this important day
Inspires, so to the Conq'ror willing Captives
yield.

Come faithful followers of *Bacchus'* train,
(*Bacchus*, most lovely of the Gods)
Enter these bless'd abodes.
On high his verdant Banners rear,
And quick the festival prepare.
Reach me my Lute, a proper Air

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The Chords shall sound; the trembling Chords
obey,
And join to celebrate this glorious day.

VI.

But 'midst the transports of a pleasing rage,
Let's banish ever hence,
By a blind Vapour rais'd, and vain pretence,
Those loud seditious clamours that engage
Only inhuman, brutish Souls,
By barb'rous *Scythians* only understood,
Who cruelly their flowing Bowls
At banquets intermix with streams of blood.
Dreadful, preposterous merriment!
Our hands all gaily innocent,
Ought ne'er in such confusion bear a part,
Polluted with a savage Centaur's mortal dart.

VII.

From this sweet innocent repast,
(Too exquisite, alas! to last)
Let's ever banish the rude din of Arms,
Frightful *Bellona*, and her dread alarms.
The dire confusions of pernicious war,
The Satyrs, Fauns, and *Bacchus*, all abhor.
Curs'd be those sanguinary mortals, who
Of reeking blood with crimson tides
The sacred mysteries imbrue
Of our great God who over peace presides.

VIII.

But if I must wage war,
 If so necessity commands,
 Follow, my friends, advance your Hands,
 Let us commence the pleasing jar.
 With wreaths of Ivy be our Temples bound,
 Hark! to Arms, to Arms, they sound,
 Th' Alarm to Battle calls,
 Lend me your formidable *Thyrse ye Bacchanals*.
 Double your Strokes. Bold — bolder yet,
 'Tis done — How many rivals conquer'd
 lie?
 How many hardy combatants submit?
 O Son of *Jupiter*, thy deity,
 And Sovereign Power, we own, and aid di-
 vine:
 Nothing but heaps of jolly Topers slain
 I see extended on the plain,
 Floating in ruddy streams of reeking Wine.

IX.

Io Victoria to our King,
 To *Bacchus* songs of triumph let us sing;
 His great immortal name
 Let us aloud to distant worlds proclaim,
 Io Victoria to our King,
 To *Bacchus* grateful strains belong;
 O! may his glories live in endless song,
 The vanquish'd wel'tring on the sand,

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One health from us their conqu'ror demand.

Fill me a Bumper. Trumpet sound,
Second my voice, loud, louder yet,
Sound our exploits, and their defeat,

Who quiet, undisturb'd, possess the ground.
Io Victoria to our King,
To *Bacchus*, songs of triumph let us sing.

To this great work now finished (God be thanked) I subscribe as usual in the like Cases of Books, for I love decorum, and have an utter aversion to particularity, prolixity, and circumlocution. I say, to make short, I subscribe as usual, &c. in the like Cases, &c. for I love, &c. and have an aversion, &c. the universally famous and most noted name which is subscribed to all Books by what name or titles dignified or distinguished: Or of what sort, species, size, dimension, or magnitude soever, pamphletary, or voluminous; whether they be first and foremost, plays, either comical, tragical, comi-tragical, tragi-comical, or pastoral; godly, or prophane songs, or ballads; sermons, high or low, Popish or Protestant, dissenting, independent, enthusiastical, brownistical, heterodox or orthodox; Philadelphian, Muggletonian, Sacheverelian, or Bangorian, Quaking, Rhapsodical, Prophetical, or Nonsensical, Legends golden or plain; Breviaries, Graduals, Missals, Pontificals, Ceremonials,

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Antiphonaries, Statutes, Spelling Books. Or, secondly and lastly, Tracts, Treatises, Essays; Pandects, Codes, Institutes; Primers, Rosaries, Romances; Travels, Synods, History Books; Digests, Decretals, Lives; Commentaries Anagogical, Allegorical or Tropological; Journals, Expositions, Vocabularies, Pilgrimages, Manuals, Indexes, Common or Expurgatorial; Almanacks, Bulls, Constitutions, or Lottery Books, *viz. i. e. namely, to wit, or that is to say,*

F I N I S,

Which being interpreted is,

The E N D.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING received the following Letter from a merry friend, wherein are some (not unpleasant) Remarks, on the foregoing Treatise, I thought fit to send it to the Press, which the Reader, as he is at liberty either to read, or let alone, so it is the same thing to me, whether he does read it, or let it alone.

To the renowned *Boniface Oinophilus de Monte Fiascone*, A. B. C. Author of the most inimitable (and non-pareil) Treatise, *Ebrietatis Encomium*, to be left with that Mirror of private perspicuity, Signor *Edemondo Curluccio*, at the *Bible* and *Dial* over against *Catherine-street* in the *Strand*.

Right Trusty, and well-beloved, I greet you well,

HAVING perused (at the Booksellers, who, showed me the sheets) your *Ebrietatis Encomium* all through, even unto *Finis*, or the *End*, I own I was not a little diverted thereat. But as I never flatter any body, so my friends may least of all expect I should begin with them. I must, therefore, be frank and free with you, most renowned, and never-to-be-forgotten *Boniface*, *post nullos memorande sodales*, and

tell you, that you have omitted several things very material, and highly conducive to the elucidation, or illustration (chuse you whether) of your agreeable subject. But perhaps they either did not occur to your memory; or, which is the same thing (*quoad Lectorem*) you were entirely ignorant of them, but which take as follow.

First and foremost, amongst your Philosophers you have taken no notice of the stupendous *Des Cartes*, with his wonderful system of whirlpools (Vortices) and particles cubic, conic, striate, oblong, globular, hooked, crooked, spiral and anguilear: For who the devil but a mere tipsey, giddy Brains, could have dished up such a confounded *Hotch-potch* and *Gallimatias* of whimsical rotations, or fancied that the whole Earth whirl'd round like a town-top, had not *Vinorum materia subtilis*, the circling Effluvia of *Liber Pater* abundantly invaded his capital regions.

So have I seen in Days of Yore a Dame
At *Winchester*, who seventy winters knew,
Not more nor less, my mistress then yeleft,
Hight *Margaret*, deceas'd long since I trow,
Whose fate I thus bemoan'd in song sublime.

She's gone, alas! the beauteous nymph is
dead,
Dead to my hopes, and all my eager wishes:

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Such is the state of poor unhappy man,
All things soon pass away, nought permanent,
That rolls beneath the Vortex of the Moon.
So when we've screw'd up to the highest Peg*
Our ample lines of future happiness,
Some disappointments dire, or chance disastrous,

Snaps the extended Chords. O! then farewell,
No more shall visual ray of form acute
Affect her wondrous mien. Farewel those lips
Of Sapphire tincture, gums of Crocus die
Freed from th' ungrateful load of cumbrous
teeth.

Mantle farewell, of Grogram brown compos'd,
Studded with silver clasp in number plural:
With jacket short, so famous, tory red,
Not hemm'd, but bound about with good gal-
loon

Of deepest *Mazarine* (delightful hue!)
Farewell (I sighing speak) those non-such
shoes

Of obfuse colour (heel of form cylindrous)
In Loves true Knot of verdant Ferrit tied.

But oh! farewell, a long and last farewell,
To large *Ampull* with vital water fraught,
Wherein the Effluvia soft and delicate
Of dulcet anniseed (not Coriander)
In its capacious rim of form anguillar

* You must remember my Mrs's. name was Margaret.

Whirl in sweet Vortex. Hence it was observed,
 The subtile matter, when in throat retir'd,
 Kept still its roulant quality, and oft
 Would mount in circling spires to Pericranium
 Of she-philosopher, when in elbow chair,
 Deep and profound, would the grave matron
 reve,
 And learnedly pronounce (like great RENA-
 TUS*)
 With equal verity the world turns round.

Secondly and lastmost, you should have added at the end of the Philosophers chapter, the song of the *Tippling Philosophers*, which I send you here inclosed.

The bookseller to whom I mentioned this, fancied truly, that you might think it too mean and trifling to insert. But without troubling myself to know, whether this be your sentiment, or whether he spoke this of his own head, I shall trouble myself to tell you, as this song is taken from an excellent *French* one, which you may find in a very famous Book†, and which (to follow your method) you may know by the note at the bottom. The song (whether you have ever seen it, or not, I neither know, nor do I care) is as follows, and will go with the same tune as the *English* (if I am not mistaken.)

* Des Cartes's Christian name.

† Fureteriana, p. 205.

CHANSON a BOIRE.

I.

*J Echerche en vin la vérité
Si le vin n'aide a ma foiblesse.
Toute la docte antiquité
Dans le vin puisa la sagesse.
Oui ce par le bon vin que le bon sens eclate
J'en atteste Hypocrate,
Qui dit qu'il faut a chaque mois
Du moins s'enyvrer une fois.*

II.

*Socrate cet homme discret
Qui toute la terre revere,
Alloit manger au Cabaret
Quand sa femme etoit en colere.
Pouvons-nous mieux faire que d'imiter Socrate
Et de Suivre Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.*

III.

*Platon est nommé le divin
Parce qu'il etoit magnifique
Et qu'il regala de son vin
La cabale philosophique.
Sa table fût toujours splendide & delicate*

*Il suivit Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.*

IV.

*Aristotle buvoit autant
Et nous avons lieu de le croire
De ce qu' Alexandre le grand
Son disciple aimoit tant a boire.
Qu'il degeula cent fois sur les bords de l'
Euphrate
En suivant Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.*

V.

*L'ou veut que Diogene aimoit l'eau,
Mais il n'eut point cette folie
Il so logea dans un tonneau
Pour sentir le gout de la lie.
Et pour mieux boire au pot, il jetta la sa jatte
Et tint pour Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.*

VI.

*Democrite prés de sa fin,
Par une invention jolie,
En flairant seulement le vin,
De trois jour prolongua sa vie.
Le vin retarde plus la mort, qu'il ne la hate
Temoin notre Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.*

VII.

Heraclite toujours étoit
En pleurs a cè que dit l' histoire,
Mais ce que le vin lui fortoit
Par les yeux à force de boire.
Par ce remede seul il guerissoit sa rate
Comme ordonne Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

VIII.

Epicure sans contredit
De bons bûveurs est le vrai pere,
Et sa morale nous induit
Au plaisir, a la bônne chere.
En vain l'homme ici bas d'un autre bien se
flatte:
Suivons donc Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

IX.

Esopé quelque fois la nuit,
De complot avec la servante
Chalumoit sans faire de brute
Les tonneaux de son maitre Xante.
Il en eut mis dix pots sous sa grosse Omoplate,
Il suivit Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

X.

Galen, *ce fameux docteur*
En traittant du jus de la vigne,
Dit qu'il faur defendre le cœur
Contre la qualité maligne
Qui trouble nos humeurs, les altere & les gâte
Et rapporte Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

THE
TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

I.

DIOGENES surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Because in good Wine there is Truth;
But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

II.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny,
To tipple and cherish his Heart,
And when he was Maudlin he'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' some are so foolish to think,
He wept at Mens Folly and Vice,
'Twas only his Fashion to drink,
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

III.

Democritus always was glad,
Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,
And wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,

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When over a good flowing Bowl.
As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was Drunk as a Lord
At those that were Sober he'd laugh.

IV.

Copernicus too like the rest,
Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
And thought that a Cup of the Best
Made Reason the better to shine.
With Wine he'd replenish his Veins,
And make his Philosophy reel,
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

V.

Aristotle that Master of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
And what we ascribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine.
His Belly, most Writers agree,
Was as big as a watering Trough,
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Because he'd have Liquor enough.

VI.

Old *Plato* that learned Divine,
He fondly to Wisdom was prone,
But had it not been for good Wine,

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His Merits had never been known:
By Wine we are generous made,
It furnishes Fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

Thirdly and Lastly, I wish in *Chap. 23.* in your Answers to the Objection, *That one cannot trust a Man that gets drunk*, you had been pleased to have taken Notice of the Taciturnity and Continency of the right Worshipful the *Free Masons* in this Respect. For tho' otherwise they are *free* enough of Speech, yet I do assure you, as to Secrets, tho' some of them love the Creature very heartily, and carouse abundantly, yet has it never been known, tho' never so fuddled (for Free Masons will get fuddled) that they ever discovered any of their Secrets. This is irresistible, irrefragable, irrefutable, or if you will, to speak (*norunt dialectici*) *in stylo infinito*, non-resistible, non-refragable, and non-refutable, and, indeed, is my *Argumentum palmare Scotisticum*.

But and, *Fourthly*, also, and *Finally*, you will give me leave to remark to you, That in relation to *St. Boniface's Cup*, which you take Notice of *Chap. XI. p. 50. l. 6.* I do assure you, Sir, The Practice was some Years ago, to my certain Knowledge, much in vogue (and, as I am credibly informed, is still wonderfully

Catholic) and, by the bye, take the following Relation.

In the beginning of the last Wars, when I was very young, I had the Misfortune to be Prisoner in *Luxemburg*, and not too civilly treated by the Governor, the morose Count *Dautel*. Close Confinement (tho' in the Post-Master's House) with the unusual Smell of the Stoves (for it was in the cold Month of *March*) made me very ill, and worse, in all probability should have been, had I not obtained the Liberty of the Town, which, after many fruitless Solicitations, I despaired, from the ill-natured Governor, nor should ever have had, were it not by the pressing Instance of Father *Cripps*, a *German Franciscan* Friar, of the Convent of *Luxembourg*, whom they called there *Heer* Cripps*, being Confessor to the Governor, and having been once sent on a Message of Moment from him to the King of *Spain*, *Philip* the 5th, now reigning.

This Father was really a good Man, and a Man of Honour, him I gained by the good Nature of the Post-Master, whose Son was then in his Noviceship, in the Noviciate of their Order at *Ulftingen*. I need not tell you, that by

* Heer, in High Dutch, is the same as Monsieur in French, and is given to Persons of the highest Distinction.

Noviceship is meant that Year of Probation, which those who have a Mind to enter into any Religious Order in the Church of *Rome*, must pass thro', before they can be professed, or take their Vows. This you, who have been Abroad, must know as well as I.

This good Father, with much ado, obtained what I desired from the Governor, who he said was, *Homo mirabilis in negotiis suis*, which, by the sequel of his Discourse, I understood signified, a very strange Man in his Affairs. Gratitude obliged me to invite this Reverend Father to a Glass of *Rhenish*, the Wine of the Country, which he frankly accepted of in the afternoon, and, indeed, drank very plentifully, *more Germanorum*, as you have described. But tho' he would drink largely as well as his Companion, yet I must own, that in none of the many merry Bouts we had together (for he visited me very often afterwards, as I did him, I never saw him so far advanced as to loose his Reason) he never failed a large Glass brimful to *St. Boniface*, which he drank to the pious Memory of the good Father, *ad pium memoriam boni patris*, and sometimes only to the good Father, *ad bonum patrem*. I found afterwards the same laudable Custom of *St. Boniface's* Cup in the *Low Countries, France and Italy, &c.* among the Religious.

And now, before I subscribe myself, Sir,

Your most obedient, &c.

give me leave to tell you, that the *French* Religious, who do not speak much *Latin*, drink Healths in their own Language. But I was surprised, when I heard in a certain Monastery every one of the Fathers drink a full Glass to each other in these Words, a *Bumper*, as I thought. I am obliged to your Reverence (Reverend Father, said I to the Procurator, who sat next me, and drank to me in the same Words) in drinking to our Country Language, you do me a great deal of Honour. It may be your Country Phrase, said the Prior to me, very gravely, for what I know; your Country Men make use of a great many of our Words, but the Thing itself, let the Word (or *vox significans*) be what it will, the Thing (or *res significata*) is very laudable, and every one will practice, who has any respect for the Sacred See, Holy Church, and the good of his own Soul. Did you never hear of the Indulgencies that the good Father, Holy Pope *St. Boniface*, has granted to such as drink his Cup, and which we have just now piously done? I ask your Reverence's Pardon, Reverend Father, said I, I thought we had only been drinking a *Bumper* to one another. *Seulement au bon pere!* replied he a little warmly (for the Con-

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versation was all in *French*, and which Word I till then mistook for a *Bumper*.) Why, that is all, said he, *mais* (continued he) *c'etoit au bon pere St. Boniface*. You see, Sir, the *double Entendre**, and that drinking of Bumpers, which some Precisians have ignorantly called Profane, is a Practice very Orthodox and Catholic.

*Heigh Church militant, rare Church militant,
dainty Church militant, O!*

Dub. Dub. Dub. Dub a dub. Dub. Dub.

Tan. Tan. Tan. Tan. tara rara ra.

Adieu, mon tres-cher,

Votre ami tres-affectioné

&

Valet bien-humble

May 1, 1723,
From my Garret in
Bandy legged Walk.

F. SANS-TERRE.

* *The Transition from au bon pere, which is pure French to a Bumper, is very natural and definitely more so, than that Golden Pippen should be derived from Cooper, which was said to be effected, in process of Time, after this manner, Cooper, Hooper, Roper, Diaper, Napkin, Pipkin, King Pepin, Golden Pippin.*

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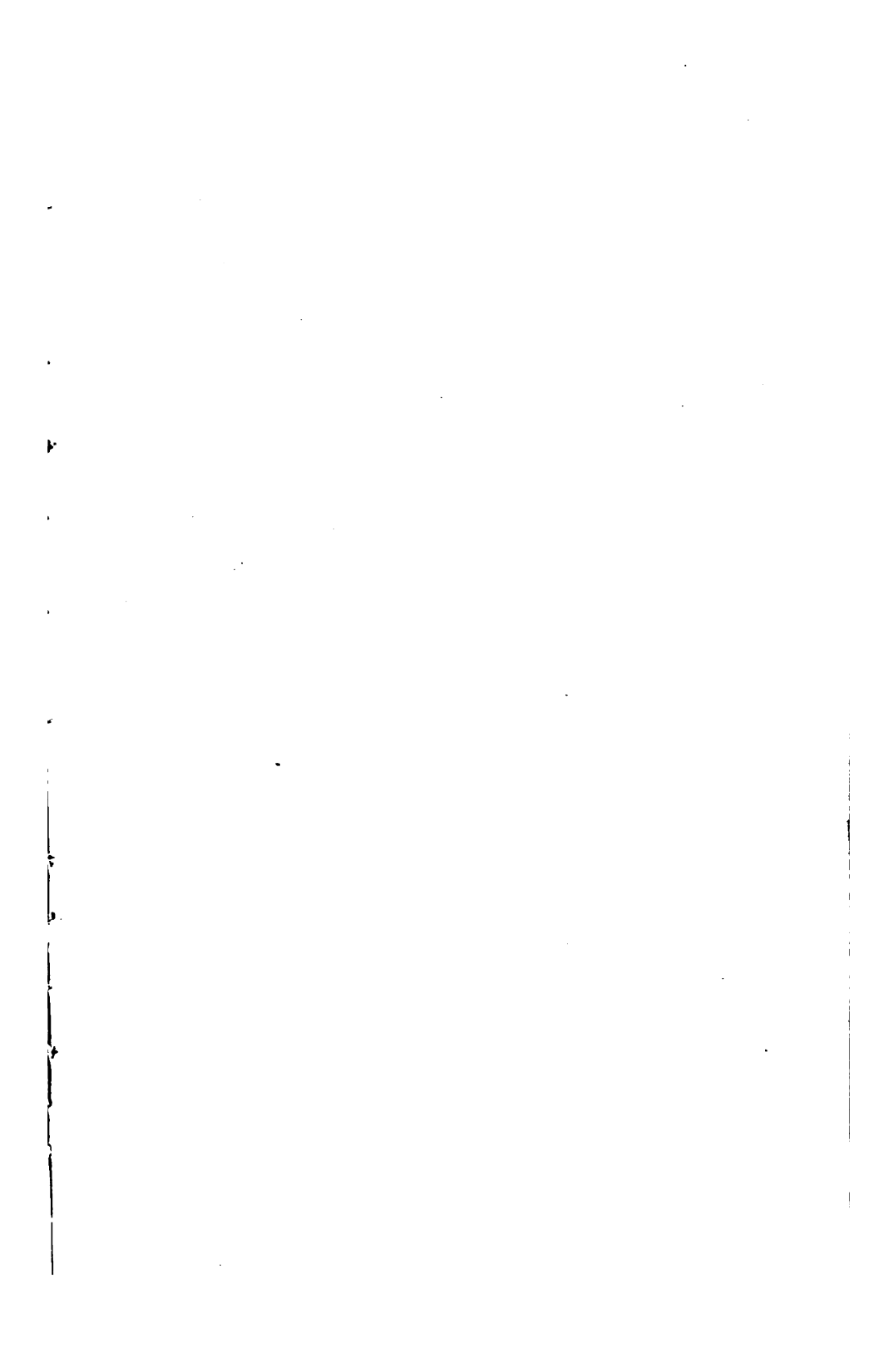
P. S. I paid the Waterman Six Pence.

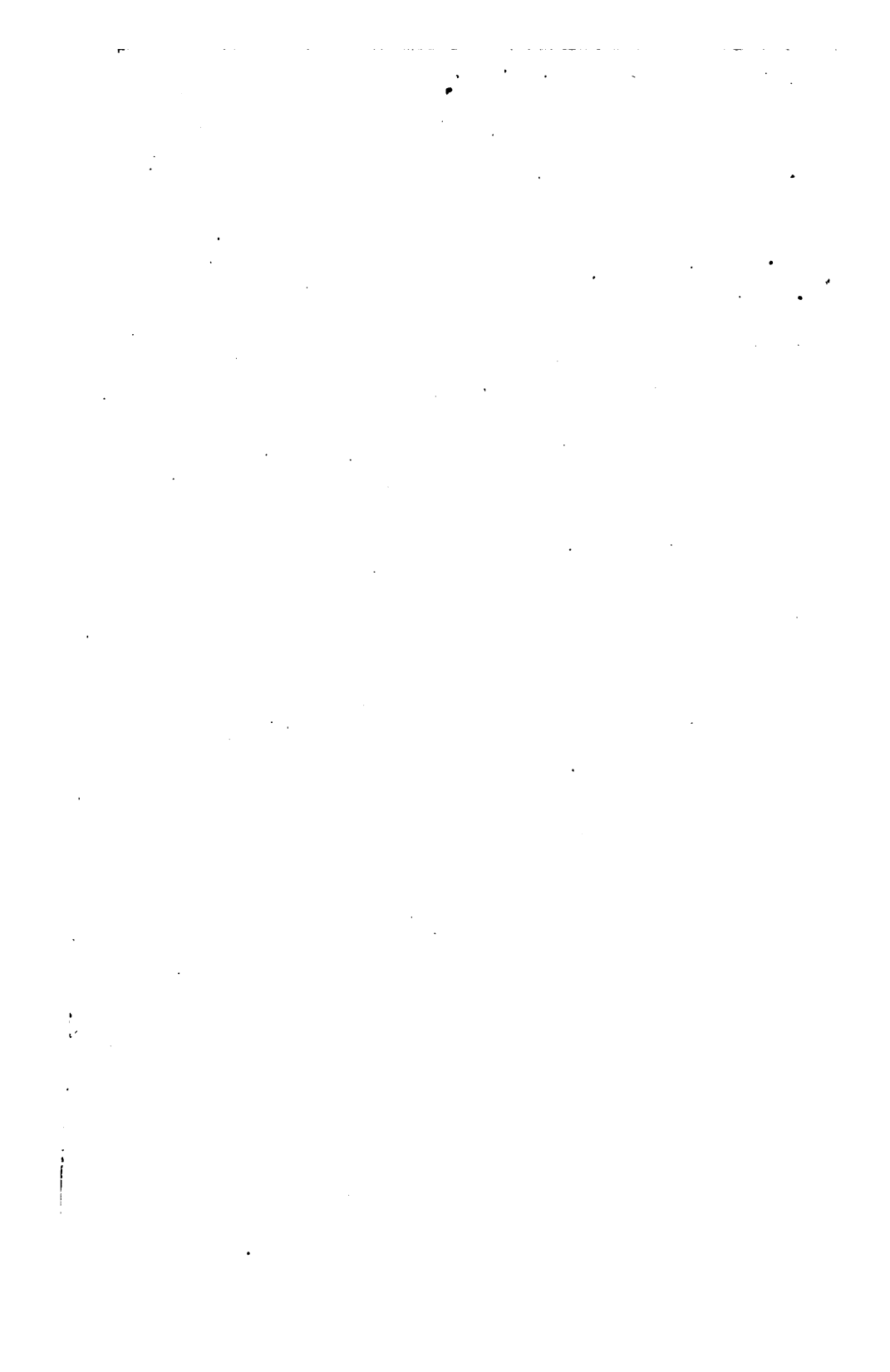
F I N I S.

OMISS.

PAGE 141. l. 13. after *Cylindrous* read *Worn only up &*
Days Non-ferial.

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